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Does Lowell Weicker Make You Sick? — Page 24

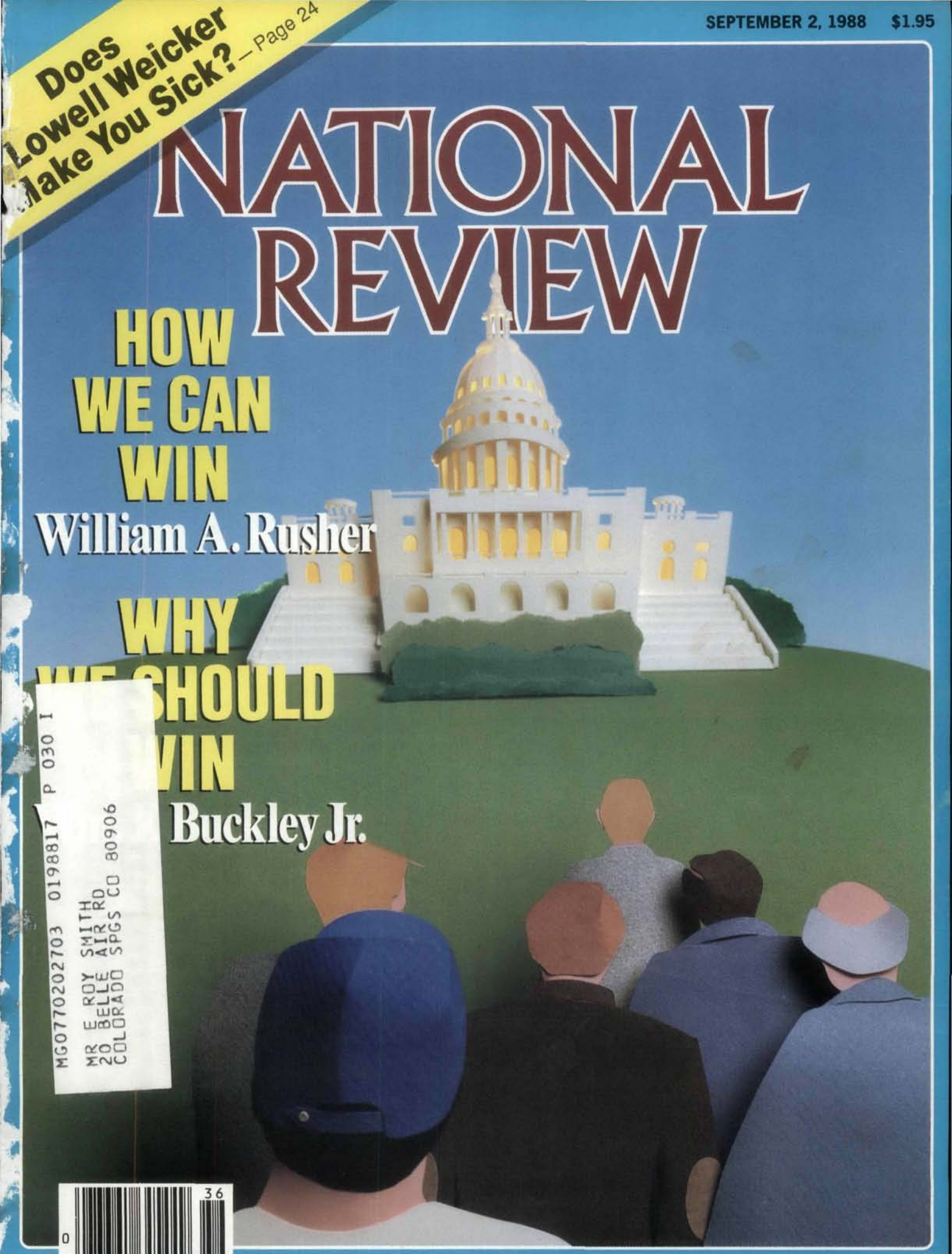
NATIONAL REVIEW

HOW WE CAN WIN

William A. Rusher

WHY WE SHOULD WIN

Buckley Jr.



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SEPTEMBER 2, 1988
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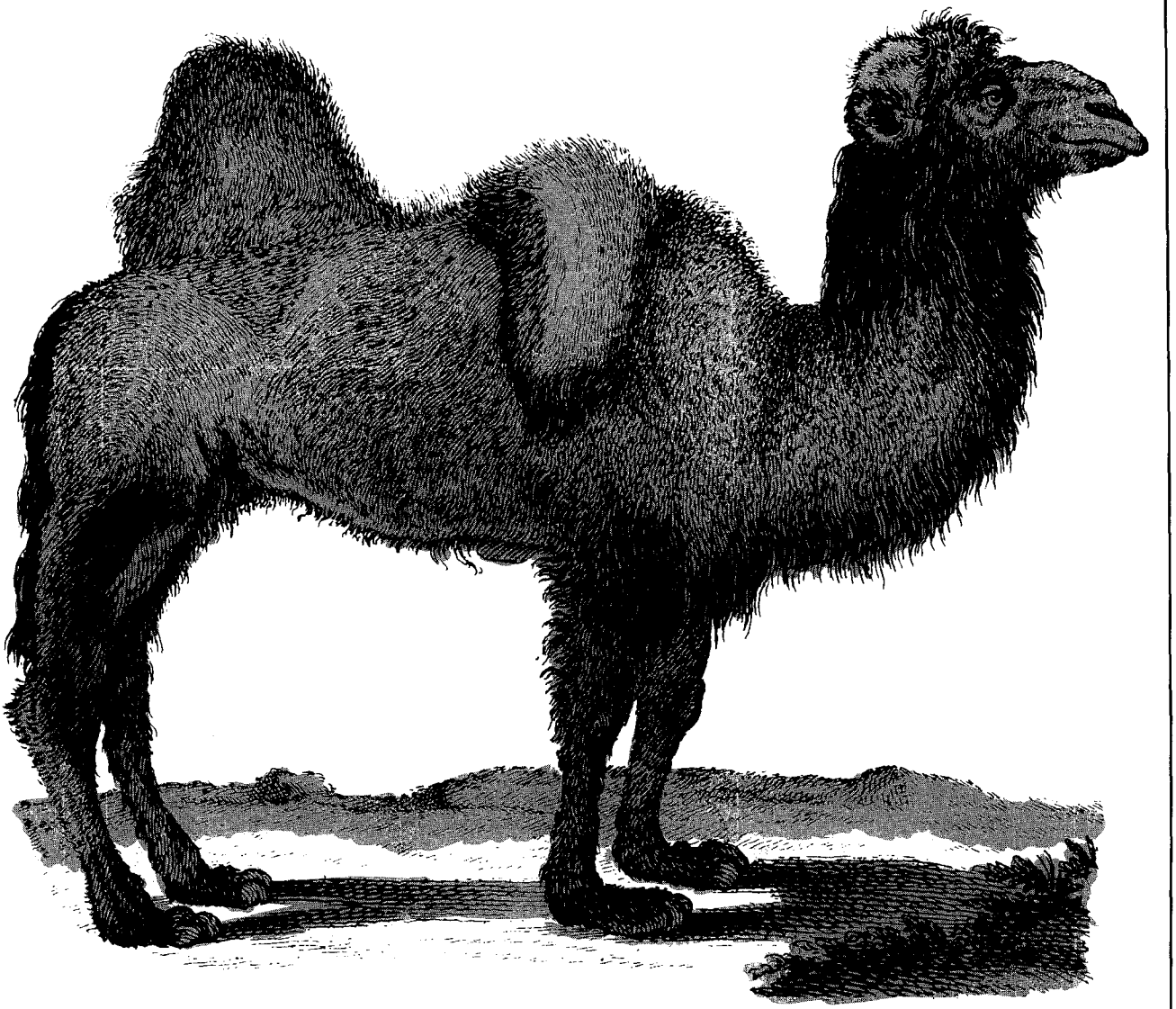

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LETTERS

A Pitcher, Not a Belly-Itcher

I read with great interest Richard Brookhiser's "The Mike & Jesse Show" [Aug. 19]. As an American who also happens to be black, I'd like to answer two of Mr. Brookhiser's questions:

What is Jesse Jackson doing? He is practicing the politics of race and fueling his career at the expense of others. And, When will the black middle class demand someone who will stop talking and start winning? When blacks start exercising a right that has been ignored: the right to disagree within the ranks. Blacks must vote as other ethnic groups do—as citizens, not as a race.

During the past eight years, blacks have prospered as never before. Reagan controlled inflation, which had been hurting blacks disproportionately. *And* he has given us opportunity. A greater percentage of blacks has received new jobs during the Reagan recovery than any other ethnic group. The someone who will *not only talk but win* for the black middle class is George Bush.

Kevin Pritchit
Alexandria, Va.

Bucking Tradition

Congratulations to *NR* ["Lefebvre at Bat," Aug. 5] for being the first publication to see clearly the difference between "traditionalists" and "Lefebvrists."

Why do the media systematically refer to Archbishop Lefebvre as a "traditionalist" in trouble with Rome for his fidelity to the Latin so-called Tridentine Mass? The archbishop never spoke truer words than when, at a news conference in the Seventies, he stated unequivocally: "I am *not* a traditionalist."

As to his troubles with Rome, the archbishop was "suspended *a divinis*" (forbidden to offer Mass and administer sacraments) in 1976, not for offering Mass in Latin, but for ordaining men to the priesthood in open violation of traditional Church law. And regarding his excommunication, again, the Latin Mass had nothing to do with it. This latest censure was the result of Archbishop Lefebvre's flagrant violation of the traditional law of his Church, by consecrating bishops without the Pope's consent.

Before any Tridentine Mass-haters among our bishops and clergy start accusing us of engaging in a self-serving "*apologia pro vita sua*" exercise in stressing the difference between traditionalists and Lefebvrists, I would like to refer them to Pope John Paul II's own Apostolic letter, "*Ecclesia Dei*," of July 2, in which he makes the same distinction: Those "linked in various ways to Monsignor Lefebvre" are directed to "cease their support in any way," and reminded that to do otherwise is "a grave offense against God and carries the penalty of excommunication." Traditionalists, however, whom the Pope calls "Catholic faithful who are attached to the Latin liturgical tradition," are given his personal assurance—"my will," he calls it—that, at last, "the necessary measures" will be taken "to guarantee respect for their rightful aspirations."

Father Gommar A. De Pauw, JCD
Founder-President
Catholic Traditionalist Movement
Westbury, N.Y.

The Rights of Error?

The editorial "Lefebvre at Bat" misses the point. It is not so much an argument over salvation outside the Church ("*extra ecclesiam, nulla salus*"), as you state, that divides Archbishop Lefebvre and the Vatican. Rather, it is the archbishop's legitimate questioning of the Decree on Religious Liberty, "*Dignitatis Humanae*," and other results of Vatican Council II. The Church taught traditionally—and, many theologians would say, dogmatically (cf. the encyclical *Quas Primas*)—that all persons and civil authorities have the obligation to profess the one true faith, while admitting as tolerable in fact that such may well not be the case.

"*Dignitatis Humanae*," while asserting in its preface that the traditional doctrine is left untouched, then proceeds to proclaim a (new) natural right of all persons to believe as they will, whether the truth or not, and to express themselves without interference both publicly and privately. The question here for Archbishop Lefebvre and many other traditional Catholics is not salvation outside the Church—God disposes of such matters inscrutably—but a recognition doctrinally by the Church that, indeed, error *does* have rights, to pervert the phrase of Pius XII.

Despite the fact that Vatican II was a "pastoral" council and thus somewhat different from previous ecumenical councils, Archbishop Lefebvre has insisted

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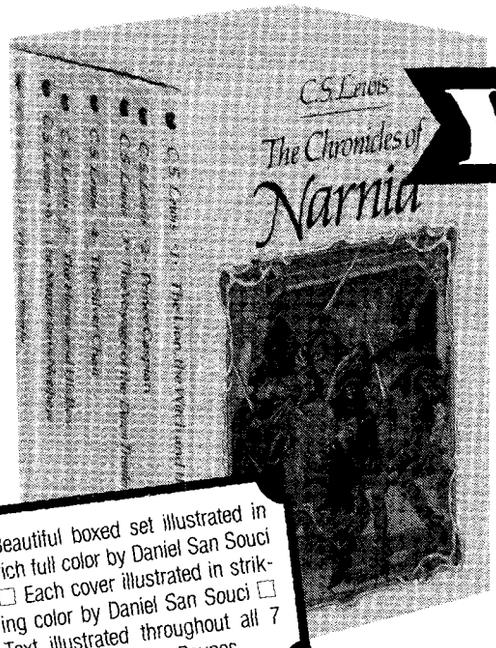

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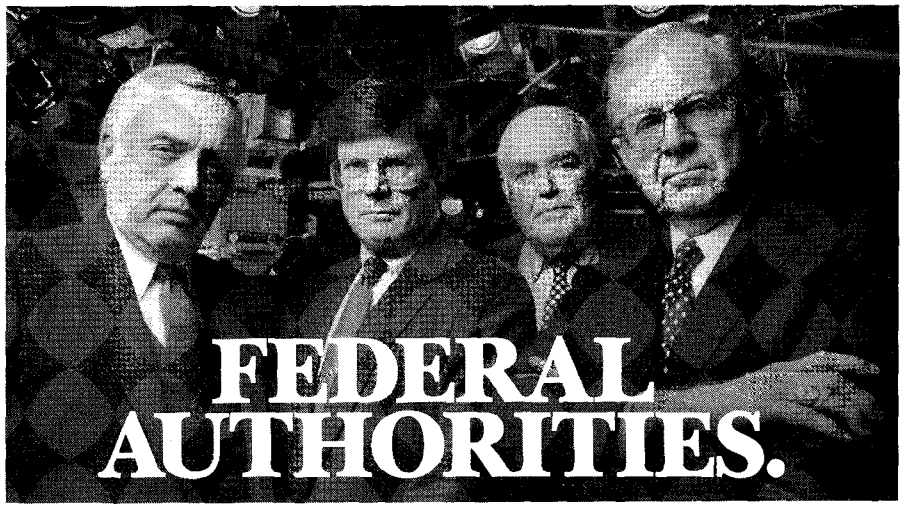

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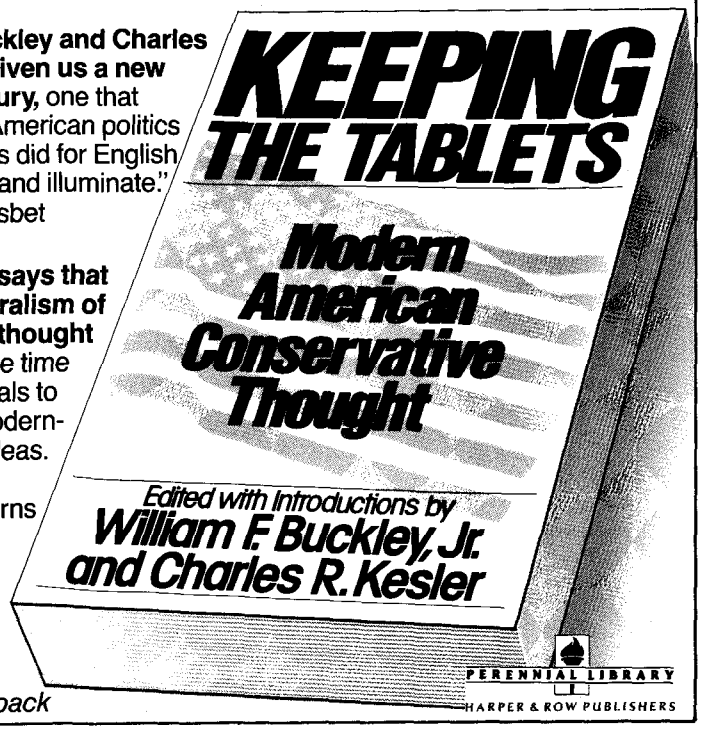

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during the past decade that problems such as the question of religious liberty demand clarification. The Vatican's unwillingness to acknowledge that these problems really exist and have caused havoc within the Church helped produce the consecrations of June 30.

Dr. Boyd D. Cathey
Raleigh, N.C.

Kennedy Skulduggery

The Roche revelations of the Kennedys' skulduggery ["The Second Coming of RFK," July 22] were fascinating and timely in this election year when the puffery is again in full blossom. One is reminded of that gem in Paul Johnson's *Modern Times* describing the Kennedys' arrival in Washington as "like watching the Borgia brothers take over a respectable North Italian town."

Alan F. P. Moyler
Redding, Conn.

Hungary: Too Little Change

Your recent items on Hungary ["Hungarian Aperçus" and "The Hungarian Evolution," July 22] indicated potentially quite encouraging developments but failed to mention instances of harassment, arrest, and occasional police brutality against participants in the democratic opposition. These occurred just prior to and on the day of the great demonstration last March. Publishers of the underground journals have been subjected to severe fines and confiscation of property. Premier Imre Nagy and many other martyrs of the October revolution still rest in unknown graves, and the current regime still adamantly refuses to modify its line on 1956.

Ervin G. Otvos
Biloxi, Miss.

Reconsidering Franco

While I must confess that I am interested in purchasing the new book *Franco: A Biography* by Juan Pablo Fusi ["The Right Books," Aug. 5], I am rather expecting Mr. Fusi's praise of Franco to be from a Roman Catholic point of view, and I will be most surprised if there will be anything in his book that mentions the persecution and bigotry that the Protestants and Jews suffered under the fanatically devout Franco.

Hopefully, Catholics inclined to read Fusi's *Franco* will compare it to the still very useful and wonderfully documented book by the late Paul Blanshard, *Freedom and Catholic Power in Spain and Portugal.* Somehow, I rather doubt that they will.

John Clubine
Etobicoke, Ont.

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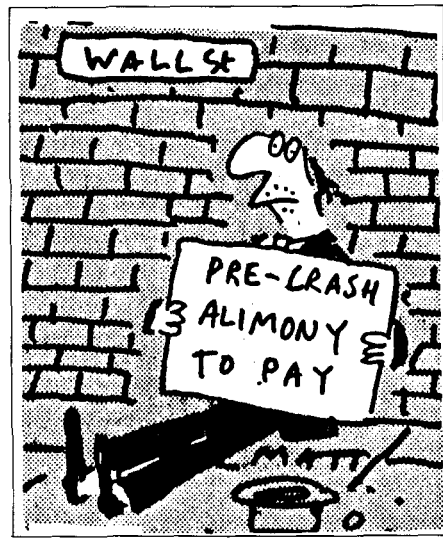
FOR THE RECORD

Republicans arrived in New Orleans to cheery news. Latest poll (**Gallup**) showed **Michael Dukakis** coming off his Atlanta bounce. He now leads **George Bush** by just seven points, 49 to 42 per cent, down from 17- to 18-point spread in late July. . . . Political analyst **Kevin Phillips** had written a week earlier that if Bush trailed Dukakis by as much as eight points *after* New Orleans, "that'll be a sign that he was unable to rise to his big—and critical—opportunity." . . . Other post-Atlanta samplings were bad for Bush. An NBC/*WSJ* poll found his unfavorable rating had climbed to 46 per cent (Dukakis's was 18), and an Electoral College breakdown by the **Field** Institute gave Dukakis 278, to 128 for Bush. . . . On the other hand, Southern pollster **Claibourne Darden Jr.** says four of ten Dukakis voters are motivated by anti-Bush rather than pro-Dukakis feelings. "That 'anti' vote, says Darden, "can leave you in a hurry." . . . Just how liberal is Dukakis? When **Dan Rather** asked **Teddy Kennedy** if there were any issues on which he and Dukakis differed, he couldn't come up with one. . . . **Evans & Novak** report Dukakis's intransigent stand against any aid to Contras has influential Southern congressional leaders (Sens. **Nunn** and **Gore**, and Florida Rep. **Dante Fascell**) plenty worried. . . . Dukakis will get organized labor's official blessing in Washington on Aug. 24. AFL-CIO president **Lane Kirkland** will designate **Joan Baggett**, political director of bricklayers union, director of labor liaison in Dukakis campaign.

Here's how Kevin Phillips saw November 8 shaping up just before New Orleans: Dukakis "an edge" over Bush; Democratic gains of one to three seats in Senate, three to eight in House, one or two statehouses. . . . Some Senate races tightening up. In Mississippi, Republican Rep. **Trent Lott** now



Matt, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

leads Democratic Rep. **Wayne Dowdy** by just four points; in Connecticut, Democratic state attorney general Joe Lieberman has narrowed gap against incumbent **Lowell Weicker** to 16 points; and in New Mexico, a KOAT-TV poll shows Democratic Sen. **Jeff Bingaman** in tight fight with Republican challenger **Bill Valentine**. . . . It remains a long shot in Nebraska, where appointed Republican Sen. **David Karnes** is battling popular former Gov. **Bob Kerrey**. Karnes is now 18 points behind; in May he lagged by 23 points.

Boys will be boys. CIA chief **William Webster** says the Soviet Union is increasing its espionage activities in the United States. . . . One reason South Africa joined in Angola-Namibia agreement was that in major Cuban offensive in Angola in June, in which South Africans were drubbed, Cubans deployed four hundred tanks, which is more tanks than South Africa owns. . . . Still to be buttoned up, timing of Cuban withdrawal. **Botha** wants the Cubans out in a year; **Castro** is talking three- to four-year timetable. . . . Cutoff of funds forcing Nicaraguan Contras to slash their staff worldwide. Contra leader **Alfredo César** says he is laying off 40 per cent of Contras' nonmilitary staff. . . . **Pat Buchanan** calls the **Boland** amendments "the U.S. Congress's corollary to the **Brezhnev** doctrine."

Here and There: Fundamentalist preacher **George Otis** has accused Michael Dukakis of being soft on witchcraft for issuing a proclamation in 1975 in favor of self-styled Salem witch **Laurie Cabot**. . . . National Public Radio, which gets incensed when accused of being leftist, has chosen, as summer replacement for **Daniel Schorr**, **I. F. Stone**, probably the leftmost journalist in Washington. . . . Italian director **Franco Zeffirelli** withdrew his latest film from Venice film festival when he heard *The Last Temptation of Christ* would be on program. . . . And Soviet film authorities found documentary on USSR by **Ted Turner** so laudatory that they tacked on an introduction explaining that it "gave an excessively glamorous portrait of the country and failed to reflect the ferocious self-criticism currently under way."

To be noted: The **Herbert Hoover** Presidential Library Association is offering fellowships of up to $10,000 to current graduate students and post-doctoral scholars. Program seeks to encourage scholarly use of Hoover Presidential Library. Application materials available from: Chairman, Fellowship & Grants Committee, Hoover Presidential Library Assoc., P.O. Box 696, West Branch, Iowa 52358. Deadline, March 1, 1989. . . . Anyone interested in joining Long Island Coalition for Freedom in Central America, a pro-Contra group, should write Coalition (P.O. Box 656, Rockville Center, N.Y. 11571) or call **Gene Clark**, 516-546-4799. . . . **John (Baron) Von Kannon** is leaving Heritage Foundation after eight years to become vice president of Pacific Legal Foundation.

It's political-joke time: Bush campaign director **James Baker** on Dukakis-**Bentsen** ticket: "Tax and Tex." Democrats on talk of Bush-**Kemp** ticket: "Doodoo and voodoo." And the common-touch joke of the hour: George Bush ordering Eggs McBenedict.

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THE WEEK

☐ The Reagan Revolution was finally consummated in its eighth year as the last Playboy Club closed and Hugh Hefner announced his engagement.

☐ And, really, so what if Michael Dukakis *did* go to a psychiatrist during a couple of rough patches in his life? Whatever his faults, he has a long public record that displays the emotional stability of a drone. It's hardly a defect to seek counseling in a time of personal crisis. True, another man might have gone to a clergyman. True, Dukakis's refusal to release his full medical history comes oddly from a man who felt entitled to know whether prospective running-mates or their wives had ever had extramarital affairs. True, the Democrats in Atlanta didn't mind getting *very* personal with George Bush. But what the hell.

☐ Hundreds of U.S. beaches were forced to close during the continuing heat wave because of the tons of medical debris and sewage that had washed ashore. That finally got the politicians talking about doing something. One is wary of taking up any crisis proclaimed on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*, but it ought to be a central conservative tenet to preserve the water, the air, and the land for future generations to enjoy as generations in the past have enjoyed them. As we have seen this summer, the hour is getting late.

☐ Are we through chuckling about Nancy Reagan's addiction to astrology? Then get a load of this: In 1975, Governor Michael Dukakis named Laurie Cabot the "official Salem witch." Miss Cabot claimed membership in *the* Cabots, and she was serious about witchcraft: "It has a scientific explanation. Everyone has the power to communicate through alpha waves if they allow themselves to become sensitive to alpha energy." She reportedly lectured on witchcraft and sold herbs, magic mirrors, and, yes, astrological charts. Dukakis may be Greek Orthodox, but he keeps an open mind.

☐ When news of the Iran-Contra arms deal came out, liberals wanted two things: 1) a show trial, and 2) the heads of the malefactors on platters. Hence the Iran-Contra hearings, which satisfied 1), and hence the special prosecutor, who aims to provide 2). The two operations conflict, however, since the testimony that was required by the congressional hearing could well taint, on grounds of protection from self-incrimination, whatever testimony the prosecution assembles against the defendants. The question of the admissibility of evidence, as well as the question of the availability of classified documents that Colonel North's lawyers claim are necessary for his defense, is complicated, which is why the trial judge was right to postpone the trial from September until December or January. On the face of it, this looks like a boon for George Bush, who won't have to campaign with one eye on a courtroom. At the same time, it won't prevent the Democrats from saying anything they want about Iran-Contra (but neither would a verdict).

☐ The three-way ceasefire between South Africa, Cuba, and Angola will, if it holds up, give almost all the interested parties what they want. The South Africans will be relieved of a foreign war and the drain of conscript casualties. The Soviet Union will be spared the expense of subsidizing a massive Cuban presence in Angola. The State Department will have an agreement. Odd man out: Jonas Savimbi, who has been fighting the Communist regime in Luanda since it was established in 1975. Other odd men out: the people of Namibia (South West Africa) who, if UN-sponsored elections are run the way the UN is likely to run them, will probably find themselves ruled by SWAPO. Call it peace, without victory.

☐ Re Marcos: He wishes to return to the Philippines, and it has been reported in the press that he has

Maybe He Just Likes Bloomingdale's

Judge Sand, with digs on Sutton Place,
And who adjudicates on race,
Is aiming a ferocious frown
At Yonkers, a declining town
Where segregated housing still
Means whites live huddled on the hill,
Just as the judge's folks reside
On New York's well-patrolled East Side.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SOMETIME in the wee hours of Thursday, August 18, word will seep out concerning George Bush's choice of running-mate. A few hours later, GOP conventioneers will stage a press conference to herald their new ticket.

There is nothing so predictable as the ensuing media stampede. Thousands of reporters will make a mad dive for their clipping files, laboring furiously to produce damned-no-matter-what-he-does analyses of Bush's choice (i.e., the selection of Jack Kemp means that Bush has knuckled under to the pressure of the party's right wing, thus alienating moderates; the selection of Nancy Kassebaum means that Bush has knuckled under to the pressure of the party's moderate faction, thus alienating conservatives; and so on).

But no matter whom Bush chooses, and no matter what the press says about it, the marriage between the Republican Party's number one and number two will not be nearly as awkward as the pairing of the Democratic Party's standard-bearers is already proving to be.

Much has been made of this political odd couple (a term used both on *Time*'s cover and in the headline of *Newsweek*'s cover story). Michael Dukakis has lived in the same modest, two-family house for 25 years; Lloyd Bentsen owns a spread amid the horsey set in Middleburg, Virginia. Bentsen sacrificed his Mercedes for a Lincoln only after congressional passage of a sweeping retaliatory trade bill; Dukakis drives a 1983 Aries. Dukakis ridicules the 1981 tax cut as the foundation of today's yawning budget deficit; Bentsen championed that cut as the cornerstone of the present economic boom.

Some of those differences have already begun to haunt the Democratic policy-making establishment. Consider the remarkable political jujitsu Democratic members of the Senate recently executed as they cobbled together yet another face-saving proposal to provide the anti-Communist Nicaraguan Contras with some form of U.S. aid.

Bentsen and Dukakis [see also "From Washington Straight," p. 20] are divided on the issue of Contra aid as dramatically as on almost every other issue. Democrats had hoped that these differences could be neatly papered over in the heat of the campaign. Geopolitics, however, has refused to cooperate. Peace talks between the Sandinistas and the Contras collapsed, and both sides got ornery. Worse, but predictably, the Sandinistas reneged on many of the goo-goo promises they had made in the accord signed last year with the leaders of Central America's four democracies.

That meant that the U.S.—i.e., the U.S. Congress—was going to have to pony up more aid to maintain the Contras as a fighting force and as an effective bargaining entity with the Sandinistas. And that meant that the Democrats who control the Congress would have to grit their teeth and vote that aid, lest they be tainted by the charge that they "lost" Nicaragua.

And *that* meant that the senior senator from Texas would have to vote on the matter. Bentsen has always supported the Contras, while Dukakis has publicly scorned them. If only for consistency's sake, they would have to play their respective roles again. Democrats squirmed at the prospect of such a naked split.

They squirmed even more frantically when Robert Dole, the Senate's Republican leader, proposed a plan that would have released $27 million in "humanitarian" aid to the Contras and placed an additional $20 million in military assistance in escrow. Not only would the Dole package force a vote on humanitarian aid, but it might require another vote on military aid as election day approached. "The Republicans don't just get two bites out of the apple," one Democratic strategist complained, "they get two bites out of our ass."

So the Democrats came up with an artful plan that would have permitted President Reagan to release $10 million in military aid that was appropriated last year but frozen in February to avoid jeopardizing ongoing peace efforts. Thus Democrats would be voting to give President Reagan the authority to release the funds, and not voting to actually release the money themselves.

The outcome is still uncertain, but the Democrats' mandate is clear: whatever else they do, they must avoid making Dukakis seem to the left of every Senate Democrat. —CATO

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offered $5 billion in exchange for permission to return, plus immunity. Marcos says $5 billion is a laughable figure—he doesn't have anything like that much money. Mrs. Aquino takes the public position that she will not "negotiate on the basis of money," which suggests that she feels a stronger moral disdain for mere money when dealing with Marcos, than when dealing with the United States, from which she wants a great deal of money in exchange for our guarantee to continue to protect the Philippines, which we once conquered, then liberated. The United States Justice Department is meanwhile frowning because it has cooked up a nice prosecution based on four Manhattan office buildings which Mr. Marcos allegedly bought with stolen money. Is there a solution here? Well, yes. Let Marcos pay as much money as Mrs. Aquino can squeeze out him; let him go back and live in peace in the Philippines (at age seventy and ailing, he is hardly a political threat); and let the U.S. Justice Department cool it on the real-estate business. We are dealing with a former ally whom we persuaded to leave his country, thereby avoiding bloodshed. It is bad precedent to prosecute people you lured to your country for urgent diplomatic/geopolitical reasons. As for Mrs. Aquino, she needs the cash, and she could reinforce the sense of her political confidence by allowing him to come home.

☐ Our man in Mexico writes in the aftermath of the recent, bitterly contested election: "The relative defeat of the government party [PRI] but its continuance in power is probably all to the good. President-elect Salinas really is ready to modernize the party and the government. The election of Cárdenas [the leftist candidate] would have been a disaster; Cárdenas and his backers, mainly backers of former president Echeverría

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[now prudently living abroad after having milked the national exchequer], certainly are not progressives. They are, of course, violently anti-American, while Salinas isn't any more anti-American than he is politically obliged to be. I think he will do pretty well in opening the country to investment and in taking the government out of its money-losing industrial and commercial activities. And, unlike the Cardenistas, he won't try to repudiate the debt."

☐ No one—not Carmine de Sapio, not Roy Cohn—falls from public esteem without receiving a consolatory posy from Murray Kempton. Here is the one he tossed to Ed Meese (like many a perception of Kempton's, it also happens to be true). "Would one last word for Meese be permissible, however debarrable for the bias of our brotherhood in a shared shortage of the world's goods? The man's financial history is my autobiography. He had walked with the movers and shakers of the world, and he had $50,000 to invest and $13,000 in stocks whose certificates he had mislaid. And he, too, had a friend of the opposite ideological persuasion. . . . We can hear him in the White House even now: 'I have this liberal friend, Bob Wallach, and he says we're doing great.' Then Wallach brought him Wedtech and the vision of what conservatism could do to uplift the Bronx. Poor Ed Meese should have been left alone and safe with no social conscience."

☐ Headline: COLLEGE GRADS SHUN FEDERAL GOVERNMENT JOBS. And just when we were about to give up on higher education.

☐ ANIMAL-RIGHTS VICTORY: Students at East Anglia University in Britain elected a gerbil named Ken as president of the student union.

☐ Members of the American Atheists met with their spiritual leader, Madalyn Murray O'Hair, for cake and champagne to celebrate 25 years of prayer prohibition in public schools. Said a wire story, Mrs. O'Hair "conceded that she used a bit of trickery in her campaign to have prayers and Bible readings banned. . . . She said she invented a non-existent public-interest group so it would not appear that she was fighting the battle alone." This week's banned reading is Matthew 18:6.

Where Is George?

THE BIGGEST puzzle of the '88 campaign is why the Republican candidate is on the defensive.

Granted, the incumbent party is usually on the defensive. The rhythms of politics do give rise to the feeling, after eight years, that "it's time for a change." The last two years have been particularly rocky for Ronald Reagan and George Bush.

All the more reason why Bush should resist letting the many-wiled Dukakis define the terms of the campaign debate. It's not as if the Democrats have been banished from Washington. During the last two years they've resumed their wonted control of both Houses of Congress, and Dukakis's election would restore the monopoly of power they enjoyed under Jimmy Carter and Lyndon Johnson. Judging by the record, that would mean a return to high inflation and a weak economy at home, with unresisted Soviet advances abroad.

Dukakis has made it a subtle tacit premise of his campaign that the Reagan recovery is here to stay. By stressing "competence," he suggests that he will preserve it and build on it, not dismantle it.

Bush needs to counter this by making it explicit that the achievements of the last eight years, though great, are perishable. He needs to emphasize that the recovery and recent foreign-policy successes are due to precisely those "ideological" differences between the parties that Dukakis is trying to minimize, and that if "change" means a return to Democratic hegemony, the gains of the Eighties will be reversed.

In order to do this, Bush has to have a sense of the epic of the Eighties that he hasn't yet shown. These have been important years in American history. The U.S. has returned to unquestioned global primacy, and it's cause for celebration that Americans can now be more preoccupied with peaceful competition with Japan than with Soviet aggression, which has been stalled on several continents.

It *is* time for a change, in that it's time for a successor to Reagan to extend his achievements. But Bush seems not to understand this. His campaign acts as if Reagan is an embarrassment from whom Bush must "distance" himself. Bush keeps announcing his fondness for pork rinds and making spastic little "progressive" gestures like opposing AIDS discrimination, endorsing equal pay for equal work, and promising to

Some Red Meat, Please

Dear Mr. Baker, perhaps you've observed,
We on the Right are becoming unnerved
As, on the one hand, the nominee tries
Ever so hard to be one of the guys,
While, on the other, he stoops to kowtow
Flat on his forehead toward women in NOW.
Please be so kind as to tell him before
Frost's on the pumpkin, he mustn't ignore
Little old ladies in sneakers, who still,
In California, can cause a big chill.

W. H. VON DREELE

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JACK & RICHARD & GEORGE & MICHAEL

I AM NOT the seventh son of a seventh son, but in candor I can claim certain predictive powers. In 1962, for example, I suggested a month before the Cuban missile crisis, in a letter published in the *New York Times*, that Khrushchev was likely to engage in some adventurism: he had spent the summer telling every American VIP who dropped by his Crimean *dacha* that Americans were "too liberal to fight."

This and other ego trips I will modestly hold for another occasion were not based on reading tea leaves or consulting astrologers. They were founded on intuition honed by 45 years of political experience, both intellectual and practical. Thus when, in September 1986, I sat down at my faithful Royal standard to edify the readers of the *New York Times* letters page on the 1988 election, I was reacting to a whole pattern of subliminal stimuli touched off by close encounters with key figures in the White House National Security *apparat*. (Note: This was before the Iran-Contra caper hit the front pages.)

The core of my prophecy was: "assuming the Democrats do not go on another kamikaze mission behind some flagellating guilt-monger, the Republican nominee's basic position [like Nixon's in 1960] will be, 'Things have never been better, but you can count on me to clean up the mess.' " I went on to draw the parallel between Nixon in the shadow of Ike and X in the shadow of "the Great Communicator."

George Bush is indeed attempting to walk the high wire: "Things have never been better, but you can count on me to clean up the mess." Nixon couldn't pull it off; will Bush manage? In other words, how strong is the parallelism between 1960 and 1988?

There are several key differences. First, for reasons that bewildered and delighted those of us who were working for Jack Kennedy, the Eisenhower Administration allowed a mini-recession to occur. Whether this was because Ike didn't believe in playing with the fiscal and monetary levers or because of his hardly concealed dislike of his Vice President remains a mystery.

As a devotee of Occam's Razor, I opt for the first. But Eisenhower's attitude toward Nixon was surely a crucial factor in the latter's defeat. Ronald Reagan too has a big ego—nobody since Franklin Pierce has occupied the White House without one—but it differs from Ike's. Where the former five-star general would call for a court-martial and a firing squad, RR chuckles at human fallibility (including his own) and exiles the culprit to California. He has a kind of serenity that is part of his appeal.

Thus I doubt if the President expects George Bush to remain on a running leash; the question is: Does Bush dare to put the matter to the test? He can, with candor and the understanding of the American electorate (which is not composed of fools, even if a majority cannot locate Benin on a map of the world), simply state that in 1980 and 1984 the United States did not elect two Presidents. It elected one, and a backup who is not and should not be a viceroy. Hence if the President consulted with him, the relationship was purely personal, comparable to a presidential consultation with the Speaker of the House or President *pro tem* of the Senate, who are also in the line of succession. In short, the Vice President can distance himself from the President with honor and, of course, prudence; and unless I read RR dead wrong, he is going to be out swinging for his successor.

If we assume that the Secretary of the Treasury and the Director of the Federal Reserve Board are going to keep the economy on course and that President Reagan is going to back Bush strongly, there remains a third important variable: the Democratic ticket. In 1960 the contrast between Kennedy and Nixon was striking. Not substantively: I just fished out a copy of the Great Debates and, Lord, were they a gas. There was a poll at the time which indicated that those who read or heard them on the radio thought Nixon won on points, while TV watchers went for JFK.

Reading them I have the same impression, but I'm still convinced that Kennedy won the election when, in the third debate, CBS's Charles von Fremd asked him how he felt about Harry Truman's comment that Republicans should all go to hell. JFK grinned and suggested that the only person who could handle the ex-President's eccentricities was Mrs. Truman. Nixon, however, went on a homiletic rampage, excoriating Truman for not being a good role model—like President Eisenhower—and ending by virtually asking prayers for Truman's soul.

There was a crucial sidebar for those who watched that debate on television: in the middle of Nixon's sermon the camera panned to Jack Kennedy sitting with a look on his face of amused contempt. There is a large number of evangelical "born-again" Americans, but there is also a large number—like myself—who resist public religiosity. That shot of Kennedy wrapped up their votes.

NOW WHAT have we got in the way of candidates? Neither Bush nor Dukakis has a trace of JFK's casual, self-assured *présence*; indeed in my experience with both (far more with Dukakis than Bush) at political gatherings they tend to blend into the wallpaper. Without Jesse Jackson to provide entertainment, Dukakis, who has the Pavlovian empathy of a veteran undertaker, may set a record for dullness—unless Bush picks up the challenge. It's going to be a slow fall. In 1960 the plate tectonics of American politics favored Nixon, but what a Marxist would call "subjective" factors—fine organization, a vivid candidate, and Ike's aloofness—tipped it by a whisker. In 1988 the plate movement favors the Republicans even more strongly, and it seems highly unlikely to me that even the strangely diffident George Bush can throw it away. □

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appoint a Hispanic to his Cabinet. Even if these were all separately justifiable positions, they don't enlist the resonance of the Reagan era. On the contrary, they muffle it. Nothing betrays Bush's lack of Reagan's instinct for political symbolism like his day-care proposal: the Democrats and the media having declared day care an Issue, Bush compulsively offers his own scaled-down version of a Democratic program.

Dukakis's implied campaign theme is that the achievements of the Republican Administration are minor but irreversible. Bush has to make it loud and clear that they are major but fragile, and that he, not Dukakis, is the man to preserve them.

Shultz Descendant

GEORGE SHULTZ took a tour—considering the calendar, it is sure to be a farewell tour—of Latin America. The Secretary's Latin American policies speak well for his intentions; his accomplishments are another matter.

The campaign against Manuel Noriega was an inspiration of Shultz's. It has failed miserably. Noriega will be in power longer than Shultz, or Reagan. Noriega is a thug who deals with Castro as readily as with us, besides dealing copiously in drugs. Yet he has not been judged obnoxious enough to warrant a full-court press. We have picked a fight we lack the stomach to force to a decision; we have lost it; and we look silly.

In Rio de Janeiro, Secretary Shultz gave a speech hailing our time as the age of the "free market and the computer chip." Latin America, as the Peruvian economist Hernando de Soto reminds us, is in desperate need of a freer economic environment. It is too bad, then, that we do so little to encourage one. Our AID programs after seven years of Reagan are still geared to pumping in money. The only conditions we, and the IMF, impose are accountant's measures of revenue intake and formal book-balancing. Tax rates? Property rights? Don't ask our foreign-aid bureaucrats.

In that part of our Nicaraguan policy which the State Department has influenced, the disposition to cooperate with the jawboners—Jim Wright, Oscar Arias—has contributed as much as public puzzlement over the Iran-Contra scandal to the present demoralizing stalemate.

George Shultz is an earnest man who was perhaps a temperamental improvement over his predecessor, Alexander Haig. Would that he had been a political improvement as well.

Iran: Not in Vain

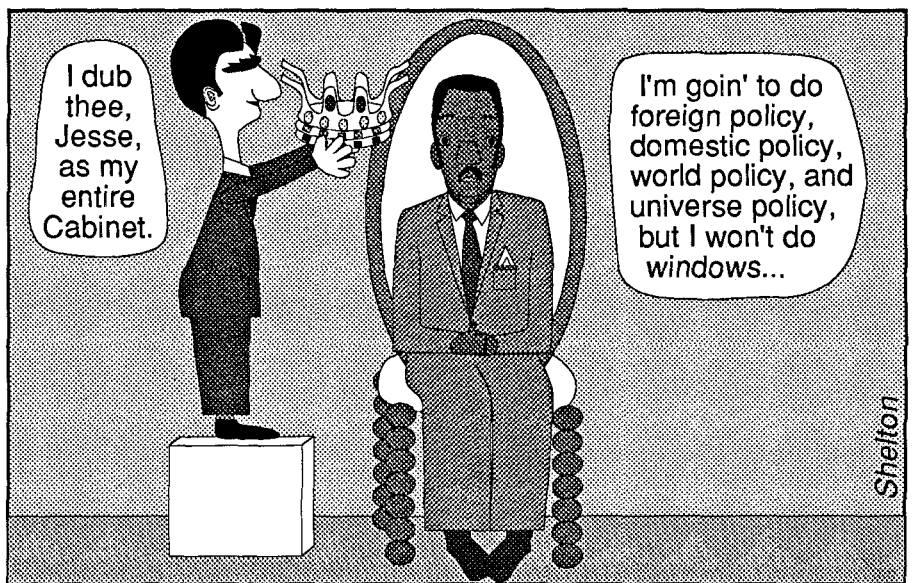
IT IS ROUTINE to pronounce that soldiers who perish in the course of defending their country have not died in vain. Islamic tradition bestows the status of martyrs on civilians who die for the faith. It is arguable, however, that few such heroes have done more for the cause of international peace than those tragically killed when their civilian airliner was accidentally shot down by the *USS Vincennes*.

It may not be overreaching to say that this event proved to be the straw that broke the Ayatollah's back. Already sorely tested by serious reverses on the battlefield, horrifying Iraqi chemical attacks, and a growing fifth-column movement and crumbling morale at home, the mullahs decided to call it quits soon after the Airbus was downed. If, in fact, the loss of life involved in this tragedy—quite trivial by the standards of the Iran-Iraq war but so highly publicized—helped in some way to bring the slaughter to a close, these deaths will truly not have been in vain.

The Enigma

PUNDITS ARE COMING out of the ground, responding to the challenge to interpret the move of King Hussein. They tend to follow the usual rule, which is usually safe. It is that anything that occurs in the Mideast is *eo ipso* inscrutable.

But in looking at events in that region, one is attracted, as in searching for the purloined letter, to the obvious. The obvious here is that the PLO, with its burgeoning population and intractable problems, was increasingly seen by its friendly Hashemite cousins as a tail better chopped off than left soon to wag the dog. King Hussein is a Guinness-Book-of-Records sur-


I dub thee, Jesse, as my entire Cabinet.
I'm goin' to do foreign policy, domestic policy, world policy, and universe policy, but I won't do windows...
Shelton
President Dukakis names Jesse as "Secretary of Everything."

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Atlanta: As Seen By Our Correspondent

☐ Televiewers "flipped out" over network coverage of the Democratic convention—out to the kitchen, to the corner saloon, or at least to other channels. The networks hit their all-time low prime-time rating.

☐ Senator Kennedy promised to "clothe the naked," of whom Atlanta seemed to have vast numbers, all of them dancing in bars for the delegate trade.

☐ Kitty Dukakis, in the course of answering some questions about her taste in clothing: "I'm an impetuous buyer, and I periodically get into trouble. I'm much more conscious of color since I had my colors done. I'm a winter, and my worst color is yellow."

☐ *Pravda* ran a profile on Mr. Dukakis, saying he has a good mind but his looks "are not presidential at all." Maybe he's the wrong season and didn't get his colors done.

☐ *Pravda* also opined, "He can bring order to the economy if he gets the Presidency." If he brings the kind of economic order that *Pravda* has recommended these last seventy years, we are moving to New South Wales.

☐ You are probably wondering about all the more important things that happened while you were watching the convention. Trust *NR* to record them all. The Ruwi Novotel hotel in Muscat, Oman, cooked a world's record 459-foot shish kebab. A Cincinnati radio station switched to an all-Elvis, all-the-time format. A New York State wildlife bureaucrat, getting sick of being asked, calculated scientifically how much wood a woodchuck would chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood: seven hundred pounds. The mayor of Andalusia, Alabama, donned a turban and rubber snakes and declared National Voodoo Week, which seems like normal political activity to us, but opinion in Andalusia is divided. Finally, a television station in Akron—inadvertently, it claims—ran a 1976 Jimmy Carter presidential campaign commercial.

☐ Almost forgot. *Pravda* also reported that Mr. Dukakis ran an exceptionally clean primary campaign. True, but what choice did he have with all his best advisors behind bars? Gerard Indelicato was the last to go, barely a week before the convention. He got two and a half years. —Timothy J. Wheeler

vivor. Seven times he has escaped assassins (seven times that we *know* of). He has survived invasions, deadlocks, ultimatums, and three wives. As the pundits stare at that tight little scene in the bosom of Arabia, they are forced to ask themselves: What exactly has Hussein lost? His acquiescence in any regional peace plan is still necessary to its reification. His professed willingness to recognize a State of Palestine keeps him on the safe side of the Israeli-Arab conflict. And, as a dividend, he can recall 17,000 civil servants who were working in the West Bank at the service of Palestinians who are no longer his subjects. Unquestionably there are more subtle explanations for it all, and conceivably there are better explanations. Until we hear them, we'll ride with the above.

Economic Obfuscation

Economists supply what is demanded, and there is an enormous political demand to find something bad to say about the U.S. economy. The Council on Competitiveness is one of several new groups specializing in thus exploiting naïve journalists for rather blatant political and commercial purposes. One of the Council's "studies" even inspired a *Wall Street Journal* story that claimed "Americans' standard of living is rising far more slowly than those of other industrialized countries."

Now, all other economists measure living standards by real after-tax income per capita, plus capital gains, but that measure shows strong increases in the U.S. standard of living since 1982. So, the Council's economists instead start the comparison ten years earlier, beginning with 1972, and design a truly bizarre definition of the "standard of living." They subtract one measure of the trade deficit from U.S. output (GDP) —even though a slightly different measure of the trade deficit has already been subtracted in calculating total GDP. They likewise add trade surpluses to the output of Japan and West Germany, even though those "net exports" are already included in gross output.

Aside from this double counting, the whole concept implies that if a country exported everything it produced, leaving nothing for its own citizens, that would

Looking for a Bounce

After all the limp balloons
Join the flotsam from spittoons
And, on Bourbon Street, the touts
Turn once more to gadabouts,
Will Bush take off like a streak?
Waiting leaves my ankles weak.

W. H. von Dreele

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More Bad News for the Democrats

BOTH GEORGE BUSH and Michael Dukakis are going to have plenty to say about the economy over the next two and a half months. Here are a few notes to start them off:

1. Misery is down. The Misery Index (unemployment rate plus inflation rate) averaged 9.9 during the first quarter of this year, down from a high of 20.7 during the last year of the Carter Administration.

2. Eighteen million new jobs have been created this decade, roughly 200,000 per month. Since 1982 the U.S. has created three times as many jobs as the six other economic-summit countries combined. (The combined working-age population of those countries is one and one-half times that of the United States.)

3. A record 63.7 per cent of the American population above age 16 (74.5 per cent of males above age 16) were employed in July.

4. More than half of the jobs created since 1982 pay more than $20,000 per year.

5. After-tax income of the median U.S. family increased, between 1980 and 1987, from $23,761 to $36,108, a 10.2 per cent increase after adjusting for inflation.

6. The population living below the poverty line fell by nearly three million between 1982 and 1986. The poverty rate for blacks fell 12.6 per cent, the largest decline in nearly two decades. The percentage of elderly Americans (65 and over) living in poverty is now the lowest on record.

7. Since 1982, industrial production in the United States has risen more than 26 per cent, compared with 22 per cent in Japan, 11.6 per cent in West Germany, and 8.8 per cent in Western Europe as a whole.

8. A study released last month shows that the average U.S. manufacturing employee produced $42,600 worth of goods in 1986, compared to $41,800 and $35,500 for his counterparts in Japan and West Germany, respectively.

9. Federal revenues have increased by 65 per cent ($337 billion) since 1980, and continued economic growth could add another 50 per cent ($425 billion) by 1993. This assumes no new tax legislation.

10. The deficit as a percentage of GNP fell from 6.3 in 1983 to 3.4 last year.

11. The current economic expansion is the longest in peacetime history (68 months as of July). The historical average is only 27 months. —ED RUBENSTEIN

greatly improve its "standard of living." This mercantilist mismeasurement of output is then divided by the number of employees, rather than by the number of people, in the country. That means the huge percentage of Americans who have jobs, compared with the percentage in Western Europe, is automatically counted as reducing the relative standard of living.

The rest of the Council's calculations are equally creative. It adjusts 1986 earnings with 1980 exchange rates to suggest that "the average worker's earnings" are higher in West Germany. Even if that were so, higher labor costs overseas are a curious definition of "competitiveness." The Council also claims that "since 1972, U.S. exports have not grown nearly as fast as world exports." But all other countries could and did export to the vibrant U.S. economy, while America has the unique disadvantage of being unable to export to itself. It is much easier to increase exports to a strong economy like ours than it is to export to the stagnant welfare states of Europe, or to the insolvent Third World.

Anyway, all these comparisons with what has happened since 1972 tell us nothing about the remarkable turnaround since 1982. "Since 1972," the Council claims, "Japan's manufacturing productivity has increased eight times faster than America's." Maybe so, but from 1981 to 1987, America's manufacturing capacity has increased by 4 per cent a year, compared with 2.9 per cent in Japan. We would be the last to deny that the U.S. economy performed poorly in the Carter years. But all these 15-year comparisons are shamelessly designed to *conceal* the improvement in both living standards and competitiveness during the Reagan years. In the growing market for economic illiteracy, the Council on Competitiveness isn't even competitive.

Religious Truth

ST. ISAAC JOUGES, call your values counselor.

"I've always thought," said the Archbishop of Canterbury last month at the end of the worldwide Anglican conference there, "that in many parts of the world, dialogue is the only practical form of Christian outreach." And, indeed, there are risks attached to more traditional Christian proselytizing. It must have often occurred to missionaries, as they felt the soup reaching the boil, that there had to be a better form of outreach.

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African bishops saw the point readily and expressed serious reservations about a resolution, eventually passed at the Anglican conference, to hold a "dialogue with people of other faiths." They felt it would weaken missionary fervor and undermine the faith of Christian minorities. And, of course, they are right. The problem with "dialogue" is that it assumes both sides to be equally prone to error. Christian missionary work, however, is based upon possession of religious truth. The two concepts cannot mix. If dialogue is to be genuinely sincere and "meaningful," there must be the possibility that Christians will amend and even jettison parts of their message. Thus, by degrees, does the language of liberalism corrupt the integrity of Christianity.

That's Entertainment!

ONCE UPON A TIME, Hollywood made its millions by producing reverent, though often treacly, Biblical epics. Now Universal Pictures has brought the genre in line with the New Morality by producing a film version of Nikos Kazantzakis's novel *The Last Temptation of Christ.* The movie features a scene showing Christ, on the cross, imagining himself in bed—a marriage bed, to be sure—with Mary Magdalene. Boffo.

This has given rise, of course, to Christian protests, which probably entered into Universal's calculations, on the principle that there's no such thing as bad publicity. For years Hollywood has cavalierly offended Christian moral sensibilities. The ratings system is a concession to the vestigial and decreasing moral authority of the pious.

Hollywood has always insisted that it means no offense, invoking Artistic Necessity to justify pandering to prurience. Never mind that nobody supposes that *Casablanca* or *Gone with the Wind* would have been enhanced by a few nude scenes. Universal is now defending *Last Temptation* in the name of the Constitution, artistic expression, freedom of conscience, and unpopular ideas—all the sacred values Hugh Hefner used to invoke to justify the Playmate of the Month.

Jesus and sex: it's the natural culmination of Hollywood's recent progress. Mohammed or Buddha in the sack wouldn't do, sensationwise. Nor would it have been sufficient to show Jesus being tempted by subtler snares: of pride, say.

But you'd think it had never occurred to the Universal producers that Christians might find it blasphemous to depict their Savior in bed with a mate. Why, the studio merely invested a few million in Art, hoping to gratify the public appetite for theology, and for some reason these yahoos are screaming!

The controversy speaks volumes about the code of "sensitivity." Groups under liberal patronage are encouraged to take offense easily even at unintended slights. But liberal defenders of *Last Temptation* are talking as if Christians are insolent for protesting the profanation of their holiest symbol, the image of Christ.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Bill:

A long time back you published my private comments to you on the *merde de taureau* flung at hapless purchasers of hi-fi equipment. You may wish to pass on to your readers the following, culled from *High Fidelity* magazine, concerning a CD player:

> In a PD-91, an eight-times resampling of the basic 44.1-kHz CD sampling rate results in 352.8-kHz data-reconversion rate; it also pushes switching noise and various conversion artifacts much further beyond the audio band than is the case with lower resampling rates . . . and, in the PD-91, permits the filter to be a relatively simple third-order Butterworth design for low ripple and phase shift in the final outputs.

Capish? If you don't, then I quote from the same magazine's comments on some dandy speakers:

> The on-axis response, with the speaker one foot from the floor and 9 inches from the wall, is a very good ± 2.5 dB from 40 hZ to 20 kHz . . . When moved out 30 inches from the wall, the bass falls off below 100 Hz (as expected), but the rest of the range is still smoothly reproduced.

At 8½ inches from the wall you can probably hear a consumptive fly wheezing, which, of course, is why you bought that equipment in the first place. Me, I listen to the music, and let's forget about the *taureau.*

As always,
Ralph [de Toledano]
Washington, D.C.

Dear Ralph: Quite right. What has always perplexed *me* is, who understands that stuff? Which reminds me, what is *capish?* ? Cordially, Bill

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I'm a hopeless addict, a cover-to-cover NATIONAL REVIEW junkie. Have been for twenty years or so. I've tried to kick the habit a couple of times but it's no use. I've taken long walks and cut down on salt and sugar but nothing seems to work. I've confessed to my priest and solicited advice from Dr. Ruth, but they were no help either. My closet overflows with old NATIONAL REVIEWS. They stick out from under the seats of my car. I put copies in a paper bag and pretend they're my lunch so I can smuggle them into

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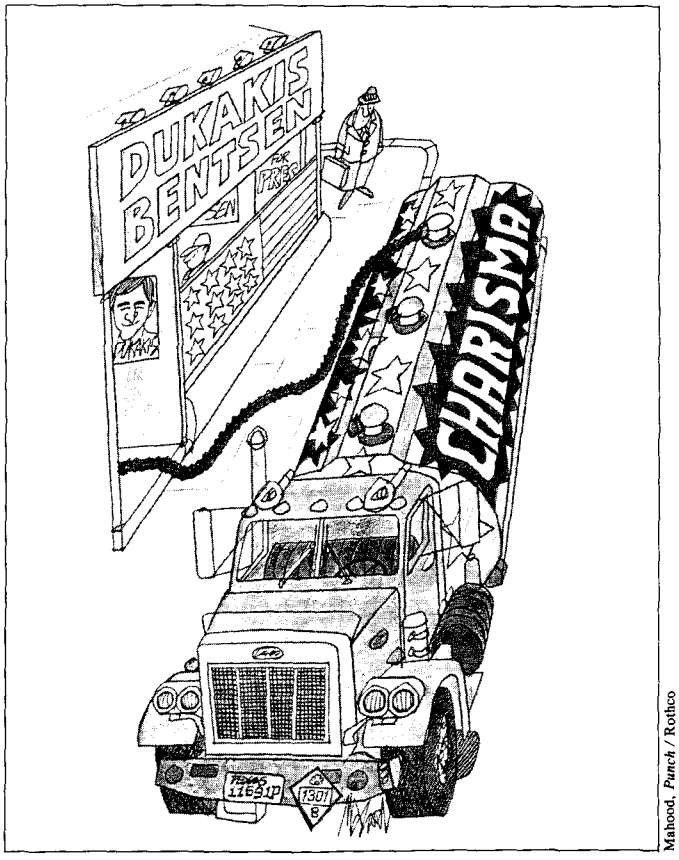
work and sneak a look at them. When my wife assigns me to do the dishes, I disappear into the basement, prop up my feet, and turn the pages softly so I won't get caught. It's the Berry family's dirty little secret—Dad and his NATIONAL REVIEWS.

Worst of all, I think I'm beginning to infect my daughters. There are six of them—all precious and beautiful—from Wendy at twenty to Nicole, who's three. I've already got them hooked on the cartoons, and I foist an article on them from time to time. Before long they may need a fix every couple of weeks too. Understand: I'm ashamed of myself but I get my highs from NATIONAL REVIEW and I don't seem to be able to bring my urges under control. I've been known to advertise a book in NATIONAL REVIEW, and a few years back, when Kathy and I came into a few extra dollars, we made a modest contribution to your magazine. Anyway, that's my confession. Having come clean, so to speak, I would like to make a suggestion, a serious one.

This is the anniversary of the Great Debate that raged across America two hundred years ago and left such momentous consequences in its wake. Anniversaries are times for re-examining our roots, and the conservative movement has taken the position that, generally speaking, the American Constitution has been an unmixed blessing and that everything would be hunky-dory if only the courts would leave it alone and the Congress and the President would abide by its strictures. You have run several articles to that effect recently.



Mahood, *Punch* / Rothco

But of course the burden of the Anti-Federalist argument two hundred years ago was just that that would not happen. That the checks and balances laid out so carefully on that piece of paper would not work and that the courts and the Congress and the President would do all the naughty things conservatives now complain about.

So my suggestion is that NATIONAL REVIEW recruit a conservative scholar immersed in Anti-Federalist theory and history to present an updated Anti-Federalist view of the world and explore the extent to which conservative roots lie on the Anti-Federalist side of the Great Debate.

Very truly yours,
John W. Berry
Franklinville, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Berry: I like the idea, appreciate the appendices you attached, and will speak to such a scholar about such a piece, which I agree would be of great interest, to me, to you, and, we hope, to your six kids, to whom much love. Cordially, WFB

☐ The Special Projects Division of National Review, Inc., is offering for sale the most important state bumper-sticker series of the year, the objective of which is (see p. 24) to relieve Connecticut Republicans of the embarrassment of Lowell Weicker. As advertised in the streamer on this issue's cover, the bumper sticker asks a simple, direct question: DOES LOWELL WEICKER MAKE YOU SICK? It is available for $2 from *NR*, Department Bumper Sticker, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A liberal education once prepared gentlemen for public life, and particularly for its perennial tribulations. If only Mr. Donald Regan, at some point in his schooling, had chanced across the French poet Mathurin Regnier, who complained around 1600 that his career at court had been frustrated:

Je n'entends point le cours du ciel ni des planètes,
Je ne sais deviner les affaires secrètes . . .

A classically educated public servant of the old school would of course have recognized the allusion to Juvenal 3.42-7: "*Motus / astrorum ignoro . . . me nemo ministro / fur erit . . .*" Mr. Regan might have learned in advance the uselessness of complaint; he might even have been inspired to repair his most damaging educational deficiency by picking up a little starlore in, say, the *Phaenomena* of Aratus. Assume a virtue if you have it not?

Yours truly,
Michael Lind
Austin, Tex.

Da, Lind. Yup, *da* to all that. Cordially, —WFB

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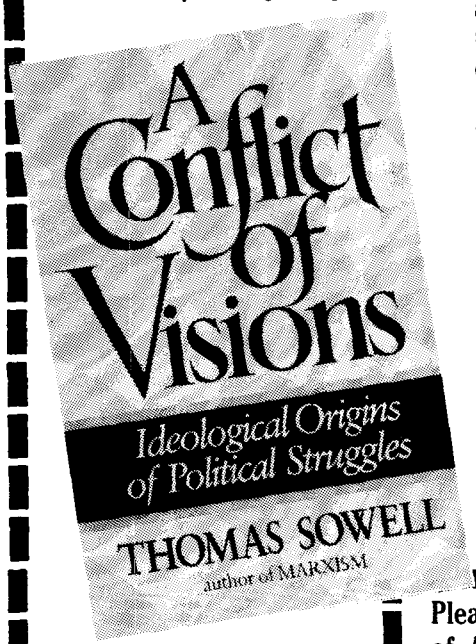

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ORTEGA, DUKAKIS, AND BUSH

When Michael Dukakis announced his choice of Lloyd Bentsen as his running-mate, the political wisdom was evident: Bentsen gives Dukakis regional and ideological balance. Much less evident is the political tension arising from such a forced conjunction of a liberal with a (comparative) conservative.

To spring the tension, Daniel Ortega's invincibly poor timing is serving nicely. Ortega could have waited a few months to toss the U.S. ambassador out of Managua, and to close the newspaper *La Prensa* and the Catholic radio station. Instead, he chose to take these actions just before the Democratic convention.

Ortega's blunders triggered discussions between Secretary of State Shultz and President Reagan during which, I can report, Shultz talked Reagan out of pressing the human-rights issue immediately. Shultz lobbied for a synchronous two-track strategy, whereby dissension within the Contra ranks would be healed, and a vote to renew Contra aid would be scheduled. Reagan bought it.

The Contra leadership has already moved swiftly down the first of these rails, unification. Colonel Enrique Bermúdez recently resigned his post as commander of the Contra military forces, and was elected to the Contras' seven-member civilian directorate. This move is a first step toward convincing Congress that the Democratic resistance does not wish to replace one military dictatorship with another, but rather wants to gain leverage for negotiations on sharing power with the Sandinistas.

But the real factor now favoring the Contras—and the issue destined to spring the ideological tension within the Democratic ticket—is the vote on renewed aid scheduled for shortly after Labor Day. All 435 members of the House, and 33 of the hundred senators, face re-election campaigns this fall, and many of these incumbents will be reluctant to vote against the aid.

House Speaker Jim Wright has done some quick arithmetic, and his tallies confirm this analysis: a Contra-aid vote will be competitive. With the active backing of President Reagan, the aid stands a reasonable-to-good chance of passing, plus the certainty of generating full and close media attention. That publicity could make the Contra-aid vote a national political issue, one that George Bush would be quick to support. Dukakis, on the other hand, since he has opposed aid, would be on the horns of a dilemma. How he handles it may well determine whether he wins Texas—and the Presidency.

The best position Dukakis could forge on the Contra-aid issue would be a shift to the center, supporting aid on the grounds that it offers the only hope of forcing Ortega to share power with the opposition. Dukakis's liberal supporters would be offended by such pragmatism, but other voters he hopes to woo would favor it. Liberal outrage would probably cost Dukakis some votes, but, analogously with conservatives who over the years have been annoyed with Reagan, liberals annoyed with Dukakis have nowhere else to go.

Should Dukakis's political footwork falter, however, and orthodox Democratic liberalism prevail, Bentsen will lose some of his pulling power. Texans are now inclined to support Dukakis because of Bentsen's conservative views on national defense and foreign policy. An outbreak of liberalism would force Texans to realize whose views would be likely to prevail in the White House—how often does a Vice President set policy?—and that could be the moment when uncommitted voters begin to tilt toward Bush.

In other areas of the country, too, where Dukakis is competitive—Florida, Southern California, and the Mountain States—Contra aid is politically popular. So a misstep on this issue by Dukakis might cost him much more than simply the battleground state of Texas.

In recent years, the question of how to handle the Sandinistas has been one of the most powerful splitters of Democratic unity. Southern Democrats generally favor Contra aid, but Northeastern liberal Democrats generally oppose it. Thus, Ortega may have unwittingly become the wedge rupturing the political party that is friendlier to him, and the one that Dukakis has labored so hard to unify.

Do or Die

What should George Bush do amid all of this?

He should seize the issue and run with it, but only in those states where Contra aid is already popular. And he should do so now, before Congress votes. By heating up the issue in congressional districts, Bush can help melt Democratic cohesion. Even if Dukakis is able to pull off his best option—announcing that he has shifted his outlook and now favors aid in order to keep the Sandinistas honest about negotiations and power sharing—Bush can still gain an advantage. The shift in Dukakis's position can be painted by Bush as crass opportunism at worst, political inconsistency at best.

Consistency is an important ingredient in gaining credibility, and credibility is a precious commodity to a political candidate. If Bush can make at least some voters uneasy about what Dukakis really stands for, he will gain disproportionately, because Dukakis is still relatively unknown to the electorate.

How ironic that Ortega delivers this unsolicited gift. How equally ironic it would be if the Bush campaign were to fail to capitalize on it. Ortega's *bêtise* may be Bush's best chance. □

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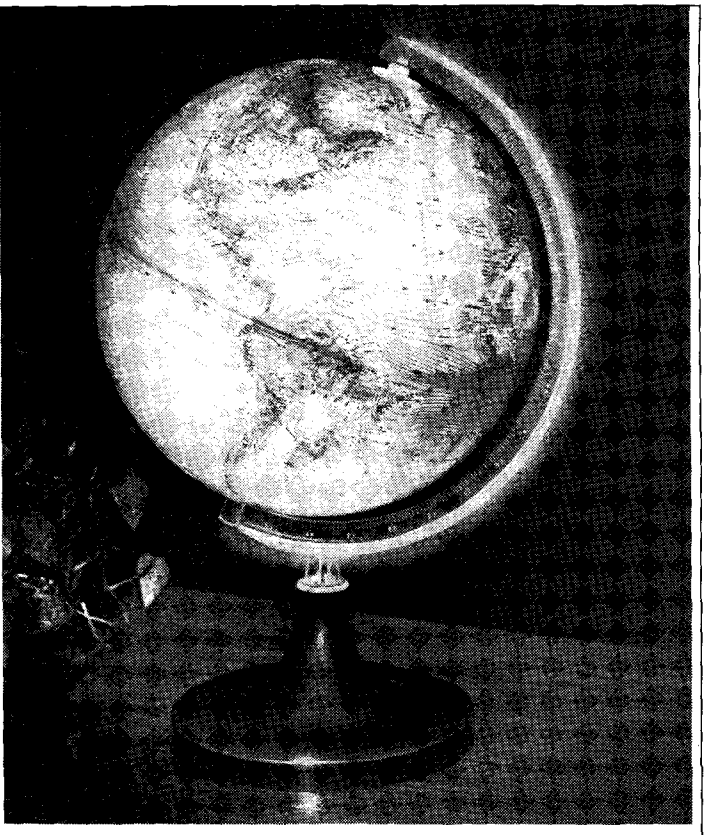

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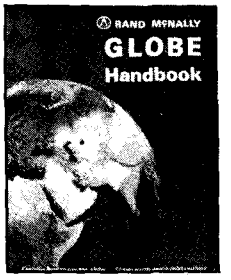

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THE PROBLEM OF AFTERMATHS

We seem to be facing rather more than a fair share of aftermaths just now. The end of the Soviet-Afghanistan war probably heralds the intensification of the civil war within the wider one. Then we have the dangerous situation in Kampuchea, from which the Vietnamese Communists are starting to withdraw. To the northwest, the durable dictator of Burma, Ne Win, steps down (or so he says). Not long ago, the durable strongman of Tunisia, Habib ("darling," in Arabic) Bourguiba, was ousted by compatriots who no longer loved him.

In Argentina, less-than-competent civilians are still grappling with the mess left behind by incompetent military rulers. Much the same may be said of Brazil. Only Stroessner of Paraguay goes on forever. And in Mexico, if the eternally ruling PRI (how, indeed, can you have an "institutional" revolutionary party anyway?) loses any more of its dexterity in fixing election results, it could well find, next time round, that even Mexican eternity has its limits.

As for Gorbachev's Soviet Union, it is still going through the biggest aftermath of all, after twenty years of "stagnation" and "corruption" (Gorbachev's own words) under Brezhnev, followed by the non-rule of the gerontocrats. It may be that before long we shall have to start pondering the aftermath of *glasnost*.

But, right now, the aftermath that grips me most is the one in Iran (much more than in Iraq), at the ending of that most costly and futile of recent conflicts. The post-Khomeini phase in Iran has begun. It began when the Ayatollah, having said repeatedly that the war would go on until the Satanic Saddam Hussein of Iraq was overthrown, suddenly ate his words and, in effect, sued for peace.

This is a quite astonishing reversal. After all, Khomeini has hitherto been noted mainly for his implacable will, and Iran is a bigger, richer, and more populous country than Iraq. How could it reach the point where its war effort just petered out?

The main problem of the Islamic Republic is just that: as a Shiite fundamentalist state, singularly possessed of the absolute truth, it managed to achieve almost complete isolation, and just ran out of ammunition.

More significantly, perhaps, its armed forces ran out of the will to fight. The Iranian forces were the pride and joy of the late Shah, and the good account they initially gave of themselves when the Iraqis invaded Iran in 1980 was due to plans drawn up under his rule, and to the efficiency of his officer corps.

By now, the army has long ceased to be a body the Shah would have been proud of. The officer corps has been grievously damaged by the Ayatollah's purges, and the mullahs have demoralized the men they promoted by, in effect, subjecting them to the Passdaran—the revolutionary guards. (Much the same, incidentally, happened to the Red Army under Stalin, when he rid himself of his ablest soldier, Marshal Tukhachevsky, and a number of other good men—an outright gift to Hitler's invading armies.) The mullahs gave the Passdaran control over the Iranian arms industry, recruitment, and the administration of Islamic justice in the armed forces. There is even a Passdaran ministry, controlling not only the army but the navy and the air force as well. In the Islamic Republic, the armed forces have become mere defenders of national territory; the Passdaran are guardians of the Revolution.

Thus the army, in its defensive role, felt it had no mandate to push into Iraq. The Passdaran, with their pan-Islamic function, would be prepared to take over Iraq, Syria, Saudi Arabia, and the rest. The only problem was that they were (and are) technically incompetent to do any such thing.

The Passdaran are essentially a home guard, without the higher military, naval, and flying skills. The Passdaran could give orders to the air-force chief of staff, but couldn't come up with anybody capable of flying jet fighters. And, indeed, the Passdaran themselves are now corrupt and disorganized. The Ayatollah's first choice as their commander-in-chief, Abas Zamani (known as Abu Sharif), has fled to West Germany and applied for political asylum. His successor, Mohsen Rezai, has been fired. The poor fellow was forced to appear on television and take responsibility for the military debacle. He pleaded for the Ayatollah's forgiveness, but Khomeini is not noted for a quality of mercy.

Can Rafsanjani Cope?

So, the aftermath promises to be interesting. The army could take over, and possibly will. This would mean absorbing the Passdaran, which implies the collapse of the regime. Failing that, the Passdaran could try to take over the army. And that would mean civil war.

The man designated to deal with the mess is the speaker of the parliament and heir apparent to Khomeini, Hojetoleslam Hashemi Rafsanjani. Can he cope? Will he last? I doubt it. Certainly it is not in the best interest of the West that he should.

The current attempts by Rafsanjani to lure the U.S. into unfreezing Iran's assets by offering to free hostages held in Lebanon are rightly being rejected with contempt on the American side. Let's just wait. A non-fanatical successor is probably waiting in the wings: a man who could secure the release of the hostages unconditionally, *and* get Iran's billions back. Is there such a man? I don't know, but I suspect there is. □

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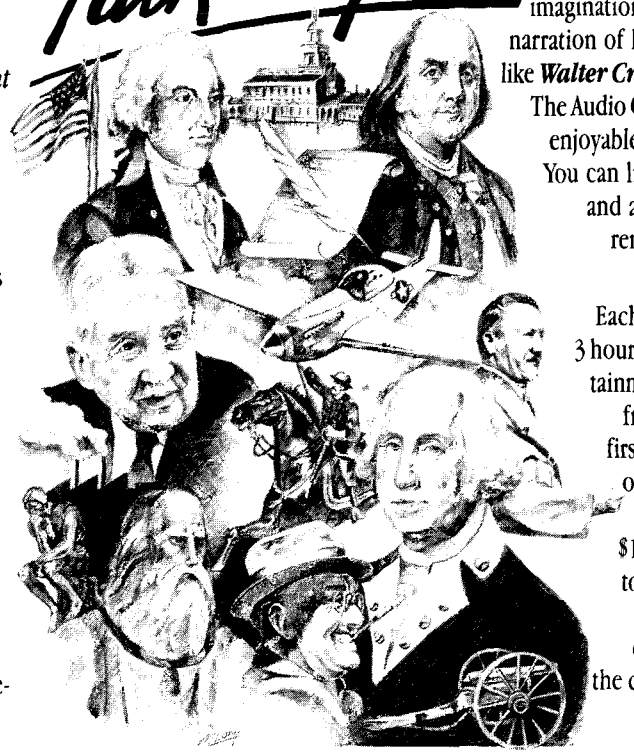

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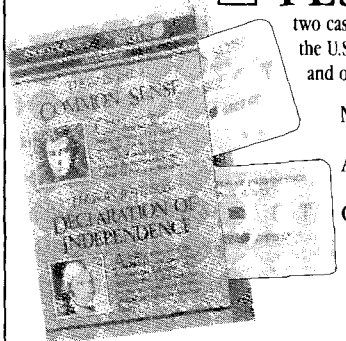

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Announcing:

Buckleys for Lieberman

(Transcript of a press conference at Sharon, Connecticut, August 15, 1988)

Q. What is the purpose of "Buckleys for Lieberman"?

A. To generate support for the defeat of Lowell Weicker.

Q. So that it is primarily the retirement of Weicker rather than the election of Lieberman that you wish?

A. You can't have the one without the other. As for Joe Lieberman, he is a moderate Democrat, and it is always possible that he will progress in the right direction. There is no such hope for Lowell Weicker.

Q. Why do you call your organization Buckleys for Lieberman?

A. Within my own family there are a good many Buckleys, grounded in Connecticut. An informal estimate suggests that there are in the neighborhood of 11,000 Buckleys in the state. Buckleys for Lieberman intends to devote its primary attention to mobilizing their support for the attorney general.

Q. What do you propose to do about Buckleys who advise you they are for Weicker, not for Lieberman?

A. That matter will be referred to the Committee on Genealogy. It is entirely possible that there are, in Connecticut, persons who call themselves "Buckley" whose birth certificates would not bear out any such presumption.

Q. You mean to say you would challenge the legitimacy of a Buckley who announced his intention of voting for Weicker?

A. This is a very serious business. The future of self-government depends on retiring such as Weicker from the Senate. Correction, there is no such thing as "such as Weicker." He is unique.

Q. How do you propose to establish that?

A. That is the responsibility of the Horse's Ass Committee.

Q. The *what*?

A. The Horse's Ass Committee.

Q. What are *its* purposes?

A. To document that Lowell Weicker is the Number One Horse's Ass in the Senate. The Committee, which is engaged in research, is absolutely confident that it will win any challenge, from anywhere, nominating any other member of Congress: Lowell Weicker will emerge as the winner.

Q. Just how do you define a . . . horse's ass?

A. Oh, you know. The kind of person who says dumb things dully, you know . . .

Q. Well, what kind of research is the . . . committee you speak of engaged in?

A. Researching the speeches and public utterances of Lowell Weicker over the past 18 years. We have a few specimens ready for release at this time, but many more will be made public by the Degasification Committee.

Q. Excuse me?

A. Oh, yes. Well, the Degasification Committee is engaged in attempting to clean up the quality of public thought, and intends to demonstrate that the bombast, murk, and pomposity of Lowell Weicker's public declarations are a threat to democratic ecology. Hence the need for a Degasification Committee.

Q. Does the Buckleys for Lieberman committee intend to do any active work beyond research?

A. Oh my, yes. We have already formed a political-action committee. The BuckPac. Contributions will be solicited from all Buckleys, state to state.

Q. Are you limiting financial contributions to people surnamed Buckley?

A. No. Special membership goes to all Buckleys, whether Buckley is the surname, the maiden name, or the Christian name. There have already been inquiries from out-of-state Buckleys. Some of these will send money to BuckPac. Others actually plan to immigrate to Connecticut, become residents, and vote for Lieberman.

Q. Well, what happens when you run out of Buckleys?

A. Our Ethnographic Committee is compiling the names of Connecticut residents that appear most frequently in the telephone directories. We propose to encourage the formation of coordinate committees. You will not be surprised, I am sure, to know that "Smith," "Jones," "Gomez," "Guttman," and "Rosselli" are among the top forty in frequency that appear in the Connecticut phone books. But we do not propose to neglect any citizen of Connecticut, even those with unusual, not to say unique names. Our strategic objective is a committee representing every surname in any Connecticut phone book, taking the civic lead from Buckleys for Lieberman, to help in the campaign to liberate Connecticut, and Congress, from Lowell Weicker.

Q. Does the Committee have an address?

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A. Indeed. It is P.O. Box 1464, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

Q. And officers?

A. Of course. William F. Buckley Jr. is President. Christopher T. Buckley is Vice President. Priscilla L. Buckley is Secretary-Treasurer. James W. Buckley is chairman of the Horse's Ass Committee. Mrs. Jane Buckley Smith is head of the Genealogy Committee. James Buckley Heath is head of the Ethnographic Committee. And Bruce Buckley Smith is head of the Degasification Committee. Other appointments will be announced in due course. Regular press releases will be issued. Good day. □

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IN HIS OWN WORDS

Weicker on Fidel Castro

Following a 1986 visit to Cuba, Weicker was quoted in *The Village Voice* as saying that Castro is "a man of enormous intellect and idealism. Castro has been known to snow people but he didn't snow *me*. We flew all over the place and I saw what he has done with my own eyes. By Caribbean standards, it's Park Avenue."

Weicker, Opposing the Excavation of the Titanic

"It is only a matter of time before the world is going to have to turn to these oceans for food and fuel. . . . do not forget it has to be a resource that lasts millions of years rather than just a decade or two to satisfy our most immediate desires." Senator Weicker said he spoke with a special knowledge of underwater life. "As a proud lay member of that community, one who himself has spent days on the bottom of the ocean . . ."

Weicker on Reagan's Liberation of Grenada

"The President is in violation of the terms of that treaty of the Organization of American States. The President is in violation of the War Powers Act. The President is in violation of the Constitution of the United States as far as freedom of the press is concerned."

Weicker in Love

(From a syndicated column by the Chairman of BuckPac)

". . . [Weicker's] problem is, well, personal. He is in love. An all-consuming, passionate, undiscriminating, endless, eternal love. With himself.

"A month ago Lowell Weicker was asked the question very specifically. Would he come out for Ronald Reagan if the party renominated Reagan in 1984? He would, he said, be laboring to give the party a more moderate choice. Well, what if Reagan were in fact nominated, would Weicker then campaign for him? Not necessarily, said the Republican all Connecticut Republicans are being asked to vote for. That would depend on whom the Democrats put up."

Weicker Offers Organized Labor the GOP

(August 31, 1982)

"With a little bit of effort on your part, we can control the GOP in the state of Connecticut, because it's so goddam small."

★★★

The Target Is Weicker

Sometimes to get from A to B
It pays to detour via C,
A situation that prevails
From Stamford to the Berkshire trails,
Where Lowell Weicker views the roads
As if the state were full of Joads,
So vote for Lieberman and see
How close you come to reaching B.

W. H. von Dreele

Weicker Gives His Off-Hand Opinion of His Colleagues in Office

(From a syndicated column by WFB, Jan. 17, 1981)

Senator Weicker's conclusion is that General Haig is "unprincipled." That he either "lacks integrity" or exhibits a "disdain for the Constitution." That, in a word, he should not be confirmed as secretary of state. With that analysis, Senator Weicker turned to his (pained?) colleagues and, with that felicity of expression for which he has become renowned, said, "Hang tough, or you'll be left hanging."

Weicker Questions a Former Attorney General

Or, The Awe-Full Senator Weicker

"All right. Let's start at the beginning here . . . I must confess, Mr. Mitchell, that as I have sat here and listened to your testimony, the only difficulty I find with it is that it sometimes is difficult to realize that we have sitting before the committee not some administrative assistant to some deputy campaign director but we have the campaign director sitting before this committee, and indeed we don't have some deputy assistant attorney general sitting before the committee, we have the attorney general of the United States sitting before the committee. You mean after listening to what we would both agree are outlandish plans, that you were neither moved to great anger in your capacity as attorney general of the United States, when certainly everything that he proposed runs contrary to what you were supposed to stand for at that moment? . . . I find it inconceivable, unless there seems to be at least some willingness to share a portion of the mentality, that you didn't go ahead and have the fellow arrested for even suggesting this to the attorney general of the United States."

John Mitchell replied, "Senator, I doubt if you can get people arrested for suggesting such things."

Senator Weicker would come back again and again. "Is there anything in this country, aside from the President of the United States, that puts you in awe, Mr. Mitchell?"

Mitchell: "To put me where?"

Weicker: "That puts you in awe?"

M.: "There are very, very many things."

W.: "Do the courts put you in awe?"

M.: "Very much so."

W.: "Does your oath as attorney, does that put you in awe?"

M.: "Very much so."

It is only surprising that Senator Weicker didn't ask John Mitchell whether the Grand Canyon put him in awe. One wishes Senator Weicker were in awe of the aesthetic sensibilities of grown-up people.

A Sunburst of Self-Knowledge

(From "For the Record," NR, Nov. 29, 1985)

The *Litchfield Times* reports Sen. Lowell Weicker has decided against challenging Democratic Gov. William O'Neill. He'll stay in the Senate, says the *Times*, to "aggravate the New Right"; or, as Weicker himself so delicately put it at a cocktail party: "I've always been the turd in the punchbowl." □

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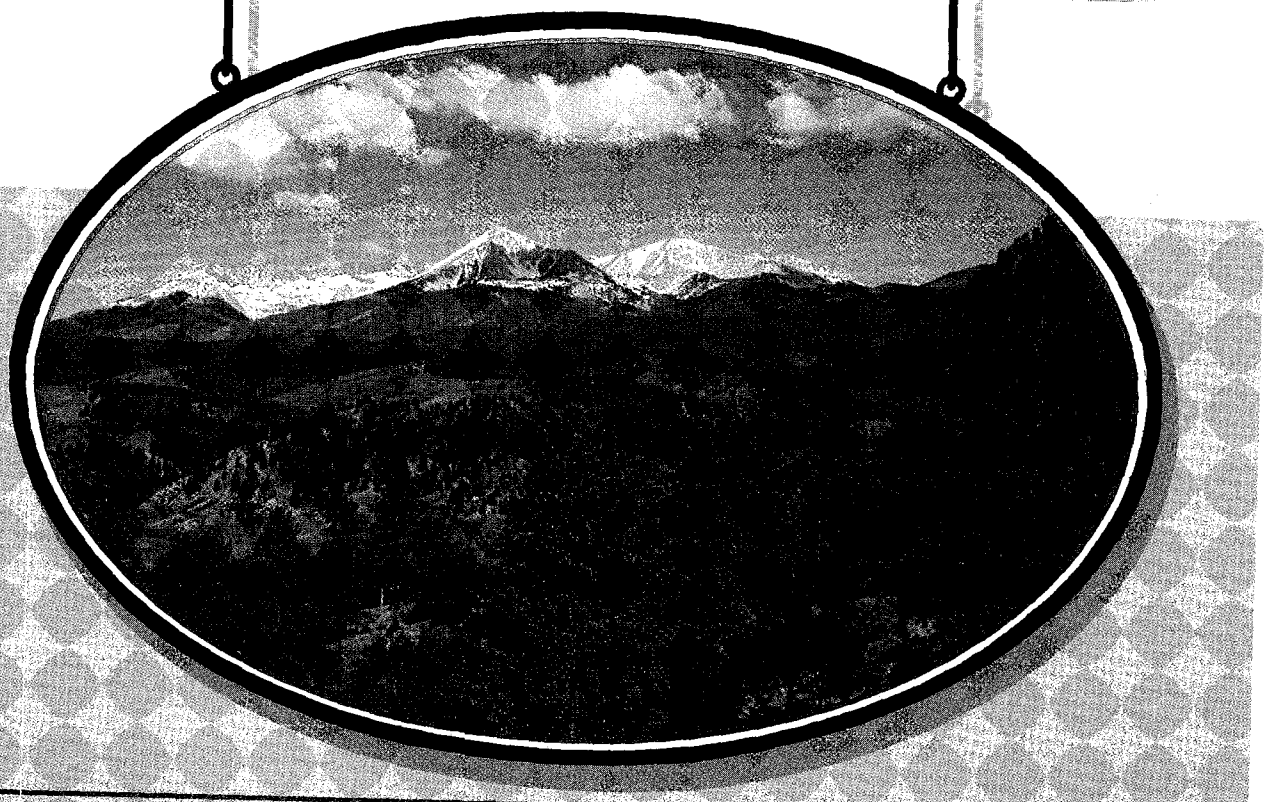
The most precious thing you can own



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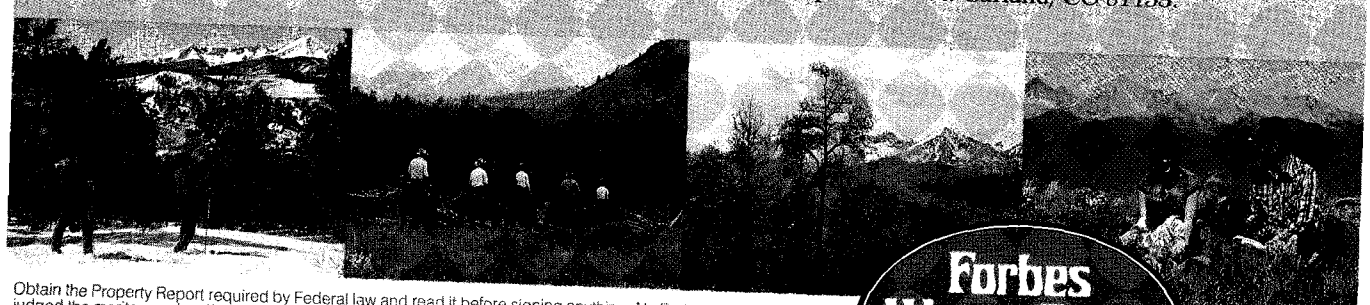

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How We Can WIN

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

THE DECADE of the Sixties is widely regarded in retrospect as the heyday of the New Left. This summer, twenty years after the riots that enlivened the Chicago Democratic convention of 1968, veterans of those heady days—greying now, with traces of middle-aged spread—are gathering here and there to relive what they plainly consider the Good Old Days, and to tell respectful interviewers how they "changed America."

Hardly anybody pauses to reflect on the striking fact that the New Left's heyday coincided precisely with the development of the Republican Party's so-called "lock" on presidential elections. Since the glory days of New Left activism, there have been five presidential elections. The Republican Party has won four of them, three by landslides, and lost the fifth by the narrowest of margins (50.1 to 48.0 per cent) for very special reasons. That there might be a connection between these events is rarely discussed in the media, for that would suggest that the New Left "changed America" in ways that its masterminds can hardly have intended.

As a matter of fact, the dominance of the Right in presidential elections commencing in 1968 is even greater than described above. For the election that was won only narrowly by the GOP—that of 1968 itself—was nevertheless, like those of 1972, 1980, and 1984, a brutal shellacking for the Left. Nixon only edged Humphrey by 43.4 to 42.7 per cent; but George Wallace, whose attitude toward the New Left was hardly cordial, won 13.5 per cent of the votes. The combined votes of the anti-New Left candidates, therefore, amounted to 57 per cent of the total.

And even the election of 1976, which the Republicans lost, offered little consolation to liberals. Gerald Ford chose as his running-mate Robert Dole, a Kansas senator of a similarly standard Republican background. The Democrats, however, still licking their wounds after McGovern's 49-states-to-one trouncing in 1972, nominated an ex-governor of Georgia who proclaimed himself a born-again Christian and ran *against* the Washington establishment. Save for the irrelevant George Wallace, Jimmy Carter was relatively the most conservative candidate seeking the Democratic nomination in 1976. And his hair's-breadth victory is the only success the Democrats can claim, at the presidential level, since those New Left hot-shots "changed America" in the mid 1960s.

What accounts for this remarkable turnabout? In the 36 years and nine presidential elections prior to 1968, the Republican Party won the Presidency exactly twice—in both cases thanks largely to the personal popularity of a general brought into the arena from outside politics altogether.

The GOP, in fact, had become accustomed to losing. It was the home of approximately 40 per cent of American voters: the "economic conservatives," who favored limited government and balanced budgets. Even Barry Goldwater in 1964, with the knives of such liberal Republicans as Nelson Rockefeller and Jacob Javits in his back, managed to garner 38 per cent of the votes. But where, and whose, were the additional votes that defeated Democratic candidates so spectacularly in and after 1968?

THERE IS NO MYSTERY about the answer. The voters who have contributed winning margins to the Republican Party since the late 1960s are components of the old Roosevelt Democratic coalition: white Southerners, Northern "ethnics," blue-collar workers, and older-fashioned Protestants, Catholics, and Jews. By 1968 they had had it "up to here" with the neo-Marxists, rioters, hippies, drug addicts, welfare queens, sexual revolutionaries, and miscellaneous if-it-feels-good-do-it types that had crawled out from under the rock of liberalism. These "social conservative" voters were relatively indifferent to the balance-the-budget rhetoric of the hard-core economic-conservative Republicans. But they had, correctly, identified liberalism as the *fons et origo* of the disruptive cultural tendencies sapping away at the moral foundations of American society. They accordingly proceeded to align themselves with those forces—i.e., the economic-conservative Republicans—who were also opposed to liberalism.

What has triumphed, then, in almost every presidential election since the mid 1960s is best thought of not as a bloc of typical old-fashioned conservatives at all, but as an *anti-liberal coalition.* Richard Nixon won the votes of this coalition in 1972 because he was blessed with an opponent who made every anti-liberal's gorge rise. Ronald Reagan, however, in 1980, and even more spectacularly in 1984, swept the country with the coalition's enthusiastic support because he personally endorsed the views of both of its components: the economic and the social conservatives.

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How does this analysis apply to the election of 1988? The Democrats know very well that their patented brand of liberal snake oil—high taxes, Big Government, and federal handouts for all "accredited victims"—is still selling very poorly indeed. On the other hand, their frantic search for "new ideas" has gotten nowhere. The truth is that genuinely new ideas in politics are few and far between. So—short of abandoning their whole political base, made up of that approximately 40 per cent of the American electorate that they have addicted to federal largesse in one form or another (even McGovern in 1972 got, like Goldwater in 1964, 38 per cent of the votes)—the Democrats had no choice but to run an essentially liberal candidate.

And that, of course, is what Michael Dukakis is. He is the human incarnation of Harvard's Kennedy School of Government: a low-keyed liberal technocrat, sensitively attuned to every vibration of the Democratic Party's extensive web.

But neither Dukakis personally nor the Democratic Party as a whole has the slightest intention of running a liberal campaign this year. If the modern conservative movement, or the Reagan Administration, needed any further tribute to their impact, the strategy of the Democrats in the present election would certainly provide it.

Being interviewed by Bryant Gumbel on NBC's *Today* show during the Democratic convention in Atlanta, Congressman Joseph Kennedy II made a wonderfully revealing slip of the tongue. Was this convention, Gumbel asked him, less "liberal," and thus perhaps more "conservative," than previous ones? To which this scion of the House of Kennedy replied, "Oh, I think we have to get away from these liberals—I mean labels."

And "get away" from the visible stigmata of liberalism is precisely what the Democrats are trying desperately to do. Their platform avoids the word "taxes" altogether—an incredible piece of cynicism in a document that purportedly covers the whole range of government activities. "Spend" is another no-no; the Democrats have learned to talk about "investing" rather than spending. Dukakis himself is depicted as so compulsively "frugal" that he is still hanging onto a 25-year-old snow blower. As his vice-presidential running-mate, Dukakis chose a Texas senator with one of the most conservative voting records of any Democrat in that body (a record, incidentally, that conflicts with Dukakis's own on almost every subject on which Dukakis *has* a record).

WHEN THEY ARE called upon to explain this behavior, the Democratic Party's strategists will privately admit that they are attempting to woo back what they and their obedient patsies in the media misleadingly call "the Reagan Democrats."

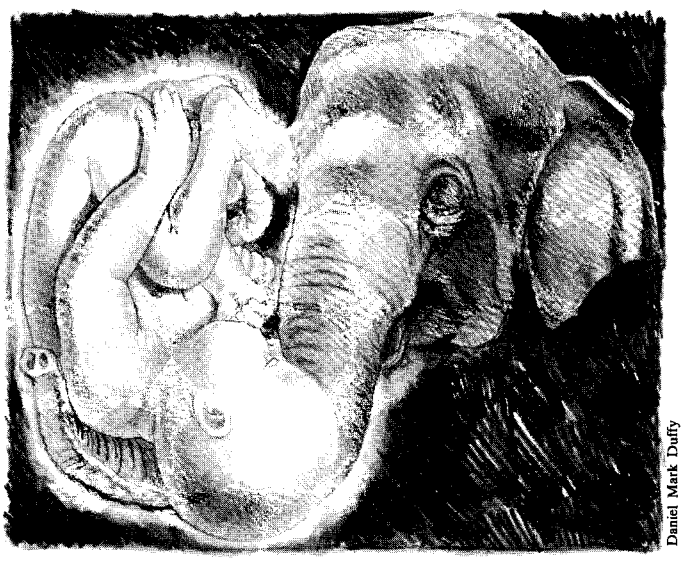
It is unclear whether the inventors of this expression are merely kidding others, or themselves as well. But the "Reagan Democrats" are, of course, that whole previously described bloc of social conservatives, who have been off the Democratic reservation since the mid 1960s. They twice voted for Ronald Reagan in their millions, to be sure; but they are not merely victims of Reagan's notorious charm, or of his allegedly "simplistic" solutions for national problems: their defection from the Democratic Party is, as we saw, far deeper and longer-standing than that. They have been the voters primarily responsible for making the Democratic Party a presidential basket-case for the last two decades.

How will the social conservatives vote? That is the critical question in this election year, as in every election year since they became the swing vote in American politics in the mid 1960s. All other considerations are secondary. The Democratic Party's passionate involvement with issues of concern primarily to blacks is no doubt understandable: save in 1964, the party has not won a majority of the white vote in any presidential election since the end of World War II. But though it regularly wins upward of 90 per cent of black votes, these are only a small fraction of the national total; it can hardly look for increases there to put it over the top. To win, the Democrats simply *must* lure back a substantial proportion of the social conservatives.

As for the Republican counter-strategy, it is at least conceivable that the GOP could inch leftward and pick up enough liberal Democrats to make up for whatever losses it sustained among social conservatives. Presumably that is what the GOP's few remaining liberals (there are at least two: Connecticut Senator Lowell Weicker and Iowa Congressman Jim Leach) would have it do. (They certainly can't argue that the social conservatives "have no place else to go.") But the obvious strategy for the Republican Party is to seek to maintain the great anti-liberal coalition that has sustained it since the mid 1960s.

Note that the GOP need not hang onto *every* social conservative. In 1976 Jimmy Carter lured back to the Democratic fold millions of them—Southern Baptists above all—who concluded (rightly, in my opinion) that the Ford-Dole ticket had little to offer them. Yet Carter defeated Ford by only the narrowest of margins, because millions of other social conservatives refused to be lured. With reasonable attention to the claims and concerns of this bloc, it should be possible for George Bush and the Republican Party to hold onto the votes of most, albeit not all, social conservatives this year, and send Michael Dukakis back to Harvard in November for a couple of refresher courses.

Of course no issue, and certainly no coalition, lasts forever. It is that fact that has tempted certain impatient analysts (Kevin Phillips, for one) to argue that the great anti-liberal coalition is breaking up, with new concerns



Daniel Mark Duffy

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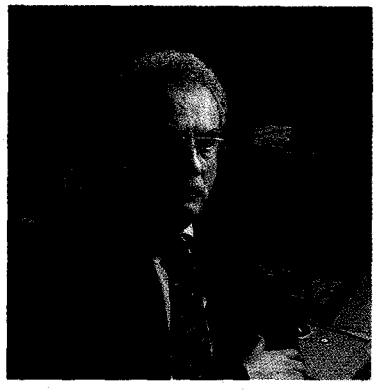
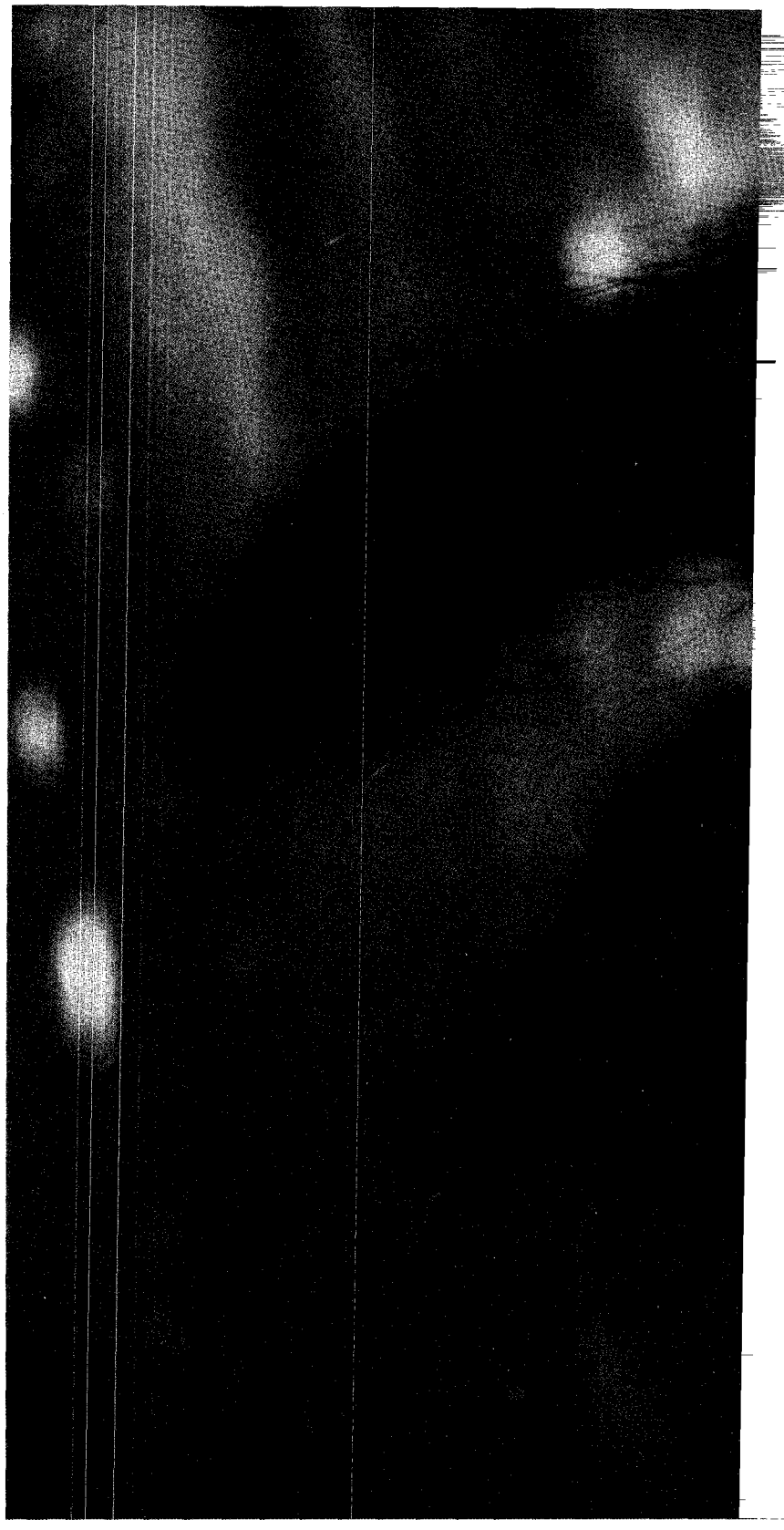


"There's a submarine out there. My job is to find it."



"Submarines are becoming faster, more maneuverable, quieter, and a lot harder to find. At Boeing, we're doing something about it. The advanced detection systems we're building for the United States Navy combine today's latest, best technology. They include powerful, on-board computers, advanced expert systems, and data fusion techniques that gather and synthesize information from different sensors. The clearer picture helps our anti-submarine forces find, identify and track intruders. The new systems are

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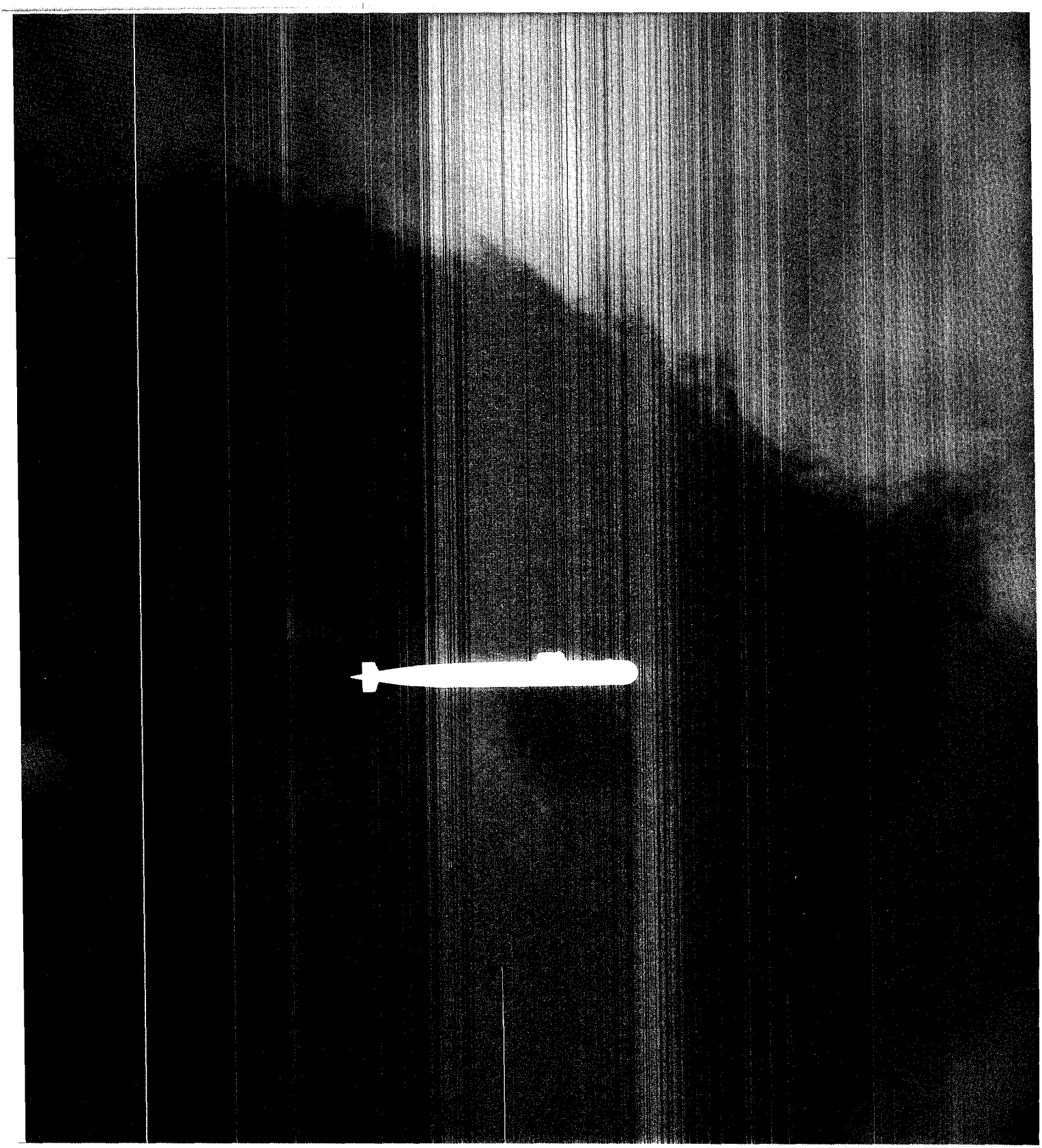

much faster, far more accurate and significantly more effective in countering submarines than the most highly skilled specialists and conventional equipment."

— *Gary R. Tronson*
Software Eng. Mgr. P-3 Update IV
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pushing to the fore and driving its components in different, even opposite, directions. The Democrats themselves have long dreamed of letting the Republican Party *have* the blasted social conservatives if it wants them so much, provided only that the Democrats, by pointing with horror at the Falwells and Robertsons, can scare into their own camp a sizable number of previously Republican yuppies who may be economic conservatives but don't want Jerry Falwell "imposing his values" on them.

The short answer to such daydreams, however, is to point to what the Democrats are actually doing this year. They aren't attempting any such fancy two-cushion shot. They are just trying desperately to blend into the prevailing conservative ethos and tiptoe into the White House on the grounds that they are anti-Khomeini, anti-astrology, and anti-Meese.

THE REPUBLICANS, therefore, will be foolish indeed if they don't seek to maintain their powerful coalition by binding the social conservatives to them with hoops of steel.

The Bush high command has already taken the first important step in this direction, by endorsing what amounts simply to an updating of the 1984 platform, on which Reagan and Bush ran so successfully. Pat Robertson and other influential social conservatives are reportedly well satisfied with the draft now approaching completion. They are well aware that the big social-conservative issues (e.g., anti-abortion measures) go to the heart of our society's profoundest assumptions and will not be resolved this year —or next. But they are confident that the present leadership of the Republican Party is in their corner on the major issues, and they are content to remain in its corner in return.

In the campaign itself, the GOP must resist the temptation to try to beat the Democrats at their old game of cash-as-compassion. It must sound instead the themes that have resonated so powerfully during the Reagan years: negotiating from strength; the renewal of national pride; prosperity based on encouraging individual initiative; and a solicitude for those in need that does not turn them into lifelong mendicants. The American economy is in its 69th month of steady growth. *What is it, precisely, that Michael Dukakis is so eager to change?*

The designation of New Jersey Governor Thomas Kean as the Republican convention's keynote speaker caused a ripple of concern among conservatives, since Kean is a relatively "moderate" Republican from the Northeast, best known for his uncanny ability to win the votes of blacks in his own state. If this choice were followed by others of the same type—especially in the matter of the vice-presidential nomination—the ripple of concern might swell into a *tsunami*. But many observers believe that Kean's designation was simply a small and diplomatic zig, to be followed at the New Orleans convention by other and more important zags to the right. As to that, we shall soon see.

Bush's most important remaining decision, of course, is his choice of a running-mate. If our analysis of the Republican Party's necessary strategy is valid, that running-mate simply must not come, like Bush himself, from the old economic-conservative core of the GOP. That was Ford's mistake when he chose Dole in 1976, and James Reston hit the nail on the head (for a change) when he promptly wisecracked, "That ticket will run strongly all the way from Grand Rapids to Topeka."

Bush's running-mate must appeal as strongly as possible to the social-conservative members of the GOP coalition. This will not only balance the ticket; it will also help mightily to ward off the raid the Democrats are obviously trying to make on this crucial bloc.

It is no discredit to Bush that he personally has certain characteristics—the "preppie" style, for example—that are simply outside the experience of the average social conservative. Nobody can be all things to all men, and the American people are too sensible to expect this. But there is every reason why the Republican Party should put forward a ticket symbolic of the coalition that sustains it, and no reason on earth why it shouldn't.

Let us be clear, then, about one thing: the designation of a vice-presidential candidate from a Northeastern, East Central, or Border state, identified principally with the economic-conservative wing of the Republican Party (let alone its so-called "moderate" element), would be a disaster of monumental proportions: literally, a prescription for defeat.

Fortunately there are plenty of alternatives, above all in the West. It is a striking fact that every winning Republican ticket since 1924 has had a Californian on it. And while Governor Deukmejian is far from charismatic, and in any case is desperately needed in Sacramento to fight the 1990 reapportionment battles (his lieutenant governor is a Democrat), there are a number of other Western leaders in the party who are closely identified with its social-conservative wing and who would serve many of the same purposes as a Californian.

For example, early this year the Western States Political Caucus, an influential group of conservative party officials and activists founded in 1976 to support Governor Reagan, issued a "short list" of possible Western vice-presidential choices, in the following order: Interior Secretary Donald Hodel (who hails from Oregon); Senator James McClure of Idaho; former Senator Paul Laxalt of Nevada; Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah; and Senator John McCain of Arizona. Governor Deukmejian's name was appended to the list, subject to the aforementioned qualification about reapportionment, and that of Senator William Armstrong of Colorado could well be added to it.

In addition, there are at least three major figures not identified with the West whose support among social conservatives entitles them to serious consideration: Congressman Jack Kemp of New York, former UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, and Secretary of Education William Bennett. All three, like all of the Western possibilities listed above, have both advantages and disadvantages; but there is certainly no reason to conclude that a candidate who will appeal strongly to the social conservatives can't be found.

THANKS TO gerrymanders locked into place during its long ascendancy, plus laws that render incumbents almost invincible, the Democratic Party contrives to dominate the House of Representatives by an impressive margin, despite the fact that substantially equal numbers of

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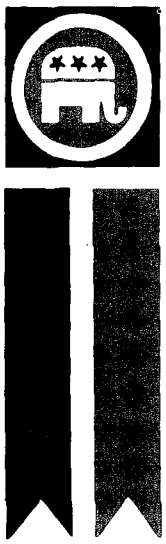
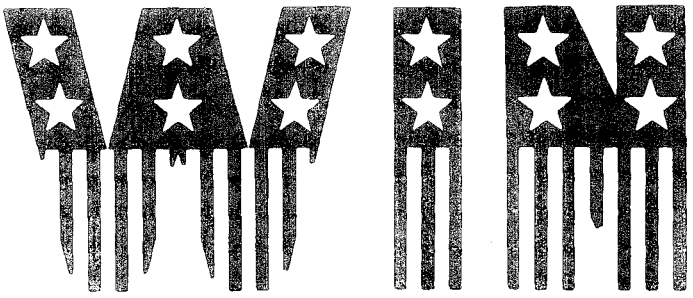


Why We Should



WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

GEORGE WALLACE, electing to run on a third-party ticket in 1968, disdained association with either of the two alternatives on the grounds that there was not a "dime's difference between the parties." At a technical level he was substantially correct.

Wallace's scorn for the essential equivalence of the two major parties might today be replicated by the Libertarian Party. It would emphasize such similarities as wildly excessive spending in the public sector (true), and a continuing commitment to high federal spending (true—what the Democrats would save from reduced defense expenditures they would spend through one of their welfare agencies). Both parties believe in federal Social Security, in federal minimum-wage laws, in federal subsidies for education, medical care, and (now) day care. Seen from the level of a populist (the Wallaceite) or a neo-anarchist (the Libertarian), it does not matter who wins. But their vision is unreliable, and their prescriptions dangerous. Because there looms between the two parties a crystallizing difference in the matter of what one might call (and I will) the national ethos.

It is timely to reintroduce the problem of deracination. We hear much about philosophical solipsism, and it is certainly true of that conservatism defined by libertarians that the ties between the citizen and the state are of a desiccated, contractual nature. The individual (in the libertarian model) pays over to the state a part of his revenue, and in return for this the state ensures that citizen certain immunities against aggression by others: other countries, other people—and his own state. He agrees, moreover, to abide by the will of the majority, but he holds the majority responsible for any excesses that impinge on his liberties.

In this model, government has certainly become excessive in an America that taxes to provide not only essentials but amenities, not only for U.S. citizens but for some who are not U.S. citizens. It has been so for most of this century. You cannot have a country endearing to the libertarian thoroughbred without voluntary taxation. Such a society is an unworkable dream. And so it came to pass that (however grudgingly) the minority agreed to abide by laws set by the majority, save only that the majority is not free to repeal our Bill of Rights.

But this yielding to the majority did not create a theoretically satisfactory relationship between the individual and his society. And I think that the difference between the attitude of Republicans, and that of Democrats, toward their society becomes clearer with every presidential election.

The Democrats are engaged in an effort to accumulate discontents, and then to promise to mitigate them. In order to do this with satisfactory bravura, of course, it becomes important to stimulate as many discontents as possible. It is quaint, to say the least, for the Democratic nominee to address the nation as Mr. Dukakis did last month, and to say that the central plank of his party is full employment. To say this at a moment in American history when the percentage of people at work is higher than ever before is to rely for popular approval on that universal ignorance which the Democrats are simultaneously pledged to correct through improved education. (More of the latter would make for fewer of the former: since statistics were collected, the majority of college graduates have voted Republican, save for the year 1964.)

OF THE TWO major parties, the Republican Party indisputably believes, whatever its infidelities, in the principle of limited government. In order to be loved, Burke is always quoted, a nation needs to be lovely. Only a nation that respects the coexistence in its citizens of other loyalties can be relatively lovely. If there is in the Democratic idea any line beyond which the state must not trespass, on the grounds that to do so is to diminish the area within which the citizen must find extra-statistical satisfactions, no one can with any authority say just where that line is. In economic terms, there are no limits: the Democratic Party is not in favor of a constitutional limit to taxation. In education and employment, the Democratic Party, using civil rights as a vehicle, backs the quota system and the derivative discrimination against minorities. Again, using civil liberties as a wedge, the courts deny the sovereignty of academic institutions over their own affairs. Although the Democrats joined the Republicans in reducing taxes during the Reagan years, their doing so was a reluctant nod to utilitarian findings. Only the popularity of the new tax code has spared that code major assaults from the Democratic Party. But philosophical assaults on the lowering of the high incremental rates are of course issuing daily from the Jackson camp: from Dukakis

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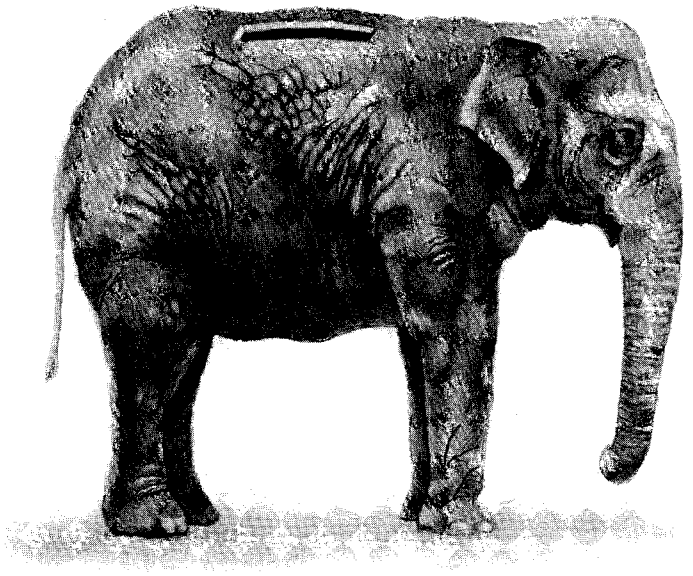

Daniel Mark Duffy

we have only his assurance that he will not increase taxes save as a last resort.

The philosophical acceptance of flat-rate taxation (however combined with aid to the distressed) is not yet a Republican program, but it is more nearly acceptable to the Republicans than to the Democrats. And the commitment to equal treatment under the law is more and more clearly seen by political philosophy as in contradiction to taxation along a progressive scale. That party needs to be encouraged which resists taxation not merely on pragmatic grounds (the yield is smaller than when taxes are lower) but on philosophical grounds. It is morally wrong to discriminate by disproportionate tax levies against those who acquire material possessions at an abnormal rate, whether as a result of application, luck, or inheritance.

THE PARTY that recognizes a historical responsibility to resist openly, and (better) ingeniously, foreign-backed barbarism is to be preferred over a competitor in which resistance to Communism is suspected as a form of cultural imperialism. When we departed from Vietnam, the Wilsonian afflatus was repealed not only as to foreign policy, but as to moral precedence. It was widely said (and it continues to be widely thought) that to suppose that American ideals are self-evidently superior to those of the Communists (in Vietnam, in North Korea, in East Germany, in Cuba, in Nicaragua, in Angola) is an exercise in cultural conceit in which our society, with all its manifest failings, indulges only with embarrassment. I understand the GOP to be saying, however inscrutably, that, with all its failings, America is distinctly and indisputably worth preserving at *any* cost, and that to the extent other nations differ from us in failing to capture the central civic intuitions, they are behind us. Although their party platforms do not divulge the critical differences, there should not be much doubt about it, namely that a Republican Administration would pursue deterrence by the credible threat of nuclear retaliation. One cannot threaten the possibility of nuclear holocaust without affirming the transcendent differences between two ways of living. On this question, Democratic theorists have more difficulty than Republicans.

The relationship to his society that flows from a felt respect for institutions worth honoring breeds a different kind of citizen. He is to be distinguished from the man who views his party as a vehicle for acquisition—whether for himself directly, or for others he deems victimized. The state then becomes an apparatus for designating the enemy (the taxpayer—who is at once the enemy and the inchoate philanthropist) and coercing his cooperation in the day's social enterprise. The very act of viewing government in this way attenuates loyalty to the society that government represents. Without data at my fingertips, I say without fear of persuasive contradiction that Democrats disappointed in the "performance" of their government are far likelier to forfeit their loyalty to the United States than Republicans. It was clearly so during the Vietnam years.

Respect for a judiciary that is disinclined to innovative quasi-legislation in the service of ideological impulses breeds a proper respect for the federalist division of powers that animated the founding of our constitutional republic. It can hardly be disputed that even as the Republicans believe in judicial restraint, the Democrats believe in judicial improvisation. In domestic matters, no authority exercised by the next President will have greater strategic consequence in shaping American life than his power to name new members to the Supreme Court. Such new members will be on the order of Sandra Day O'Connor, William Rehnquist, and Antonin Scalia, or on the order of Thurgood Marshall, Harry Blackmun, and William Brennan.

A SUBMISSION to the realities of history (Malthus, Einstein) as distinguished from history's presumptions (Marx, Freud) requires us to accept and (even) to welcome technology. The Republicans' attitude toward technology is both pragmatic and serene. If you look back for a historical starting point (always a little arbitrary), you might date the Democrats' disillusion with technology from about the time it was proposed we develop a supersonic airline carrier. The same negative attitude (we must Stop Defying Natural Laws) developed into an entrenched hostility to peacetime use of nuclear power; which has had the effect of arresting the development of the one clear substitute for the prodigious use of fossil-fuel power that is now seen as endangering the very atmosphere itself. And that same sullenness toward technological experimentation has, at the hands of Democratic Congresses, blocked the effort to transform the Strategic Defense Initiative into an instrument of peace. It will require a great deal of patient work by historians to explain the paradox: that the Democratic Party, with its ever-heightening tension over the potential use of nuclear weapons, should have resisted so stoutly the exploration of the one important moral/scientific intuition into how a defense against nuclear aggression might be mounted. The survival of any hope of a space shield depends on a Republican victory.

IN SUM, we need to encourage a society within which we may have confidence in our ability as citizens to accost the great modern curses: ideology, drugs, disease, a deteriorating planet. To do this we need to feel that the state is not overwhelming us, and that we can therefore think of it as, at the margin, an ally; even, in the nineteenth-century metaphor, as our servant, in pursuit of com-

(Continues on page 53)

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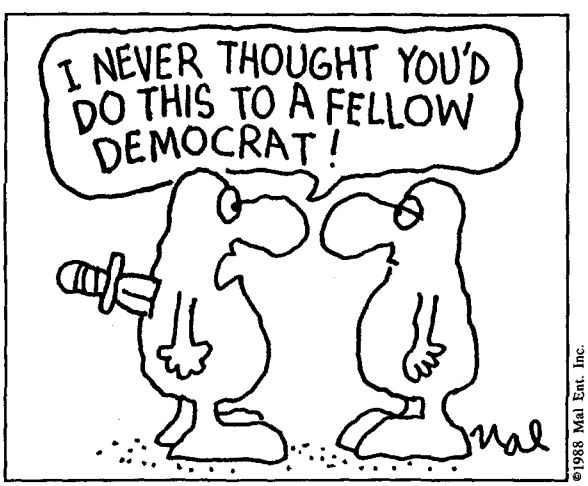

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Movie for a Drought

When corn tassels wither
  And the sand blows in,
Making linen scratchy
  To the sweaty skin,
Rent Joan Crawford's movie
  Where the star profaned
Walter Huston's reverend
  As it rained and rained.

W. H. von Dreele

"Prince Adelbert's been chosen by his class as most likely to succeed."

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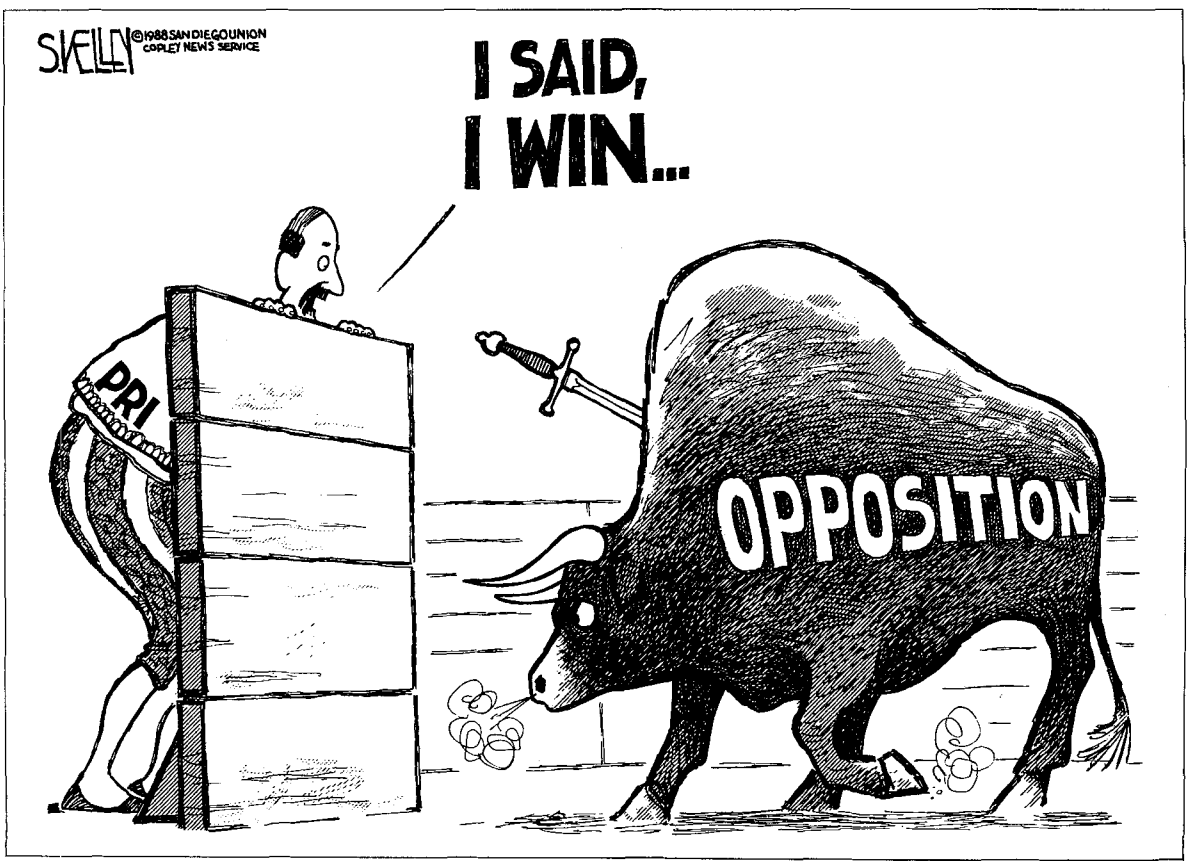

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WHAT SOCIAL CONSERVATIVES REALLY WANT

By now everyone knows that pro-family conservatives are a powerful political force. But how will we judge the rhetoric about social problems and solutions offered during the 1988 campaign? Our fundamental principle is the one that inspired the Family Protection Act: The family is strong when it has functions to perform.

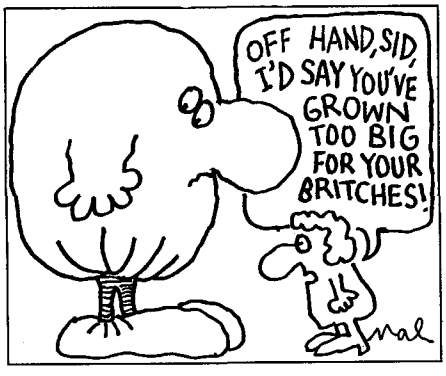
The Act has already transformed the political landscape. By 1980, it had become the standard of definition for what was meant (beyond simply being pro-life and anti-ERA) by being pro-family: righting the fiscal injustices to the family, restoring parents' rights over their children's education, seeking ways to get families and the elderly off government dependency. The Left, suddenly deprived of the moral high ground, was stunned; it took four years before Mario Cuomo found a way, in his keynote address at the 1984 Democratic convention, of appropriating the word "family" for liberal purposes.

Others have taken his lead. Thus, while feminist self-criticism now admits that women want children, it proceeds to advocate, in the name of "the family," social parenting and government schemes that bear a remarkable resemblance to European welfare systems. The justification is that what is good for the working mother is good for the family—and therefore good for society. The suppressed premise is that the steady hand of the state is needed to keep the family on course.

This premise is precisely what traditionalists and libertarians unite in opposing, although we certainly differ on the exact philosophical alternatives. What follows are the presumptions of the moral traditionalists.

The family is the fundamental institution of society; in the traditional society, it was your main source of comfort and strength. When you were a child, your father geared his life to providing shelter for your mother and you. As you grew, your family imparted the skills of survival, and gave you your religion and your politics. In your old age, someone with a blood connection would offer you a bed and a seat by the fire.

Today, these functions have atrophied. Your existence needn't cause your father to change his lifestyle, and in many circles it changes your mother's as little as she can possibly arrange. It is no reason for your father to stay with your mother; in the modern myth, she may even be more "fulfilled" without him around. If they do stay together, they play an increasingly small role in your upbringing: the public-education system, backed by the courts, positively puts obstacles in the path of parents wishing to exercise control over what their children read and study, while government-sponsored clinics are permitted to dispense contraceptives and perform abortions on teenagers without their parents' even being told. In your old age, Medicare will pay the costs of your medical treatment if you are put into an institution, but not if your relatives care for you at home. It's likely that your children and their spouses will all have careers anyhow, which means they can hire someone to look after you but can't spend time with you themselves.



In one area after another, functions once performed by the family are now provided by the government or government-style agencies and institutions. The goal of the pro-family movement is not to destroy these institutions but to restore to the family its proper functions, and to restore to the institutions an understanding of the proper proportion of their role.

The family fulfills many functions—social, psychological, and even economic—but these are *not* the reason for its existence. The family has one overriding task: raising children. It is each individual's entry point into society and the staging area of his personality.

Children are thus a gift and a responsibility, a long-term duty that arises from the nature of marriage. Marriage is not a contract, balancing conflicting interests, measuring competing obligations, forcing compliance with fear of consequences; it is a covenant, a permanent and exclusive union that sets no limits on what is to be given or forgiven by either party. The purposes of this covenant are the mutual support of the partners and the procreation, education, and rearing of children. Human nature being what it is, in practice many marriages are more reminiscent of contract than of covenant. But public policy should not seek the lowest common denominator and proclaim it as the model.

Modern society has, admittedly, lost sight of marriage in covenant terms. Fifty per cent of marriages in the U.S.

Mrs. Marshner is Chairman of the National Pro-Family Coalition. Her latest book, Decent Exposure: How to Teach Your Children about Sex, *is published by Wolgemuth & Hyatt.*

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today are second marriages for at least one of the partners. In 1984, over one million children were involved in the divorce of their parents; we can expect that over 11 million children—about one-fifth of the nation's total—will experience the misery of divorce over the next decade.

That trauma is rarely studied. In the famous California Children of Divorce Project, Dr. Judith Wallerstein of UC Berkeley followed children over a period of years after their parents divorced. Ten years after a divorce, 42 per cent of children were functioning poorly (exhibiting consistent depression, drug or alcohol abuse, sexual promiscuity, and/or poor performance in school); 15 per cent were functioning unevenly; and only 43 per cent were doing well most of the time. And the decline in upward mobility is just beginning to be noted: Dr. Wallerstein found in one study that, although 41 per cent of their divorced fathers were professionals, only 27 per cent of the children had professional aspirations.

A further result of the contract approach is no-fault divorce, which regards children as options that can be adjudicated like cars and stereos, with no long-term consequence to anyone. Some women may feel their "sense of self-worth" enhanced by bearing the costs of child-rearing alone, but their babies have no such illusions of self-reliance. Thanks to divorce and illegitimacy, children are the poorest class in America today: 20.5 per cent of all children were below the poverty line in 1986.

Nor are children the only victims. Stanford professor Lenore Weitzman, in her landmark study, *The Divorce Revolution*, found that in the year after a divorce, women experience a 73 per cent decline in their standard of living, while their former husbands experience a 42 per cent increase. The typical liberal response to this is to lament the feminization of poverty and wonder what the Federal Government is going to do to force fathers to pay child support. But even if every father met every child-support payment, 97 per cent of divorced women with children would still be in poverty. The real problem, again, is state laws and judges that adhere to no-fault divorce, expecting divorced mothers to function like young professional men. Despite what many would like to believe, traits of gender and the condition of motherhood make a tremendous difference in the way people can and will act. Any world view that pretends otherwise is either dishonestly or maliciously inviting human misery.

ANOTHER DISTORTION in the public consciousness is population-bomb rhetoric: the idea that there are too many of us. Couples contemplating parenthood frequently decide against it out of deference to a vague sense of "society's" need. But decisions about fertility are properly the responsibility of husband and wife—those who will bear the responsibility of *raising* the children. Outside pressure—whether public or private—is inappropriate.

Actually, if the long-term good of the nation were the controlling factor, *large* families ought to be the goal. We have come to expect in retirement a standard of living that formerly was the reward of those who had raised a large family of successful and generous children. But maintaining Social Security and the rest of the welfare state requires constant population growth to keep the pyramid game going. The unfunded liability of our entitlement programs for the elderly alone is staggering. By the year 2010, two-thirds of the federal budget will be needed just to meet current entitlement promises.

The current tax cost of the welfare state is in fact making the future revenue base smaller, because it penalizes those who bear and raise children. Not only is there the loss of the second income and the expense of child-rearing, but mortgage rates for decent homes are geared to two incomes. At best, a young couple must choose prosperity or children—and many don't even have that choice.

A PERVERSE DYNAMIC is in place in our society: youthful lust is indulged, so long as fertility is controlled. Later, when fertility is desired, many find that it has been destroyed. One in four American couples is infertile, report the Centers for Disease Control, the most common cause being damage from venereal disease. And so begins the shrill demand to have a baby. Just as it was a "right" to be infertile when 18, it now is declared a "right" to be fertile at 28 or 35, as if nature could be turned on and off to suit one's preferences.

The lengths gone to and the amounts of money spent in pursuit of pregnancy can be astonishing. There is a growing demand for high-tech obstetrics—*in vitro* fertilization, embryo transfer, and even more alarming techniques—to say nothing of surrogate parenting. Let there be no confusion about this demand for babies, however: far too often, it is not a manifestation of pro-life sentiment, but of an ego in pursuit of an alter.

If couples yearning for children but unable to conceive were satisfied by adoption, theirs would be a noble impulse. But adoption remains unfashionable, and government policy does not encourage it. Federal funds are available to keep children in foster care, but not to place them in permanent homes, and some social workers establish standards for adoption so high that if nature held to such standards, few of us would have been born.

IT SHOULD BE an achievable goal that every baby born have an adult male responsible for it, that the norm be children nurtured by their own, married parents. But support for the traditional family flies in the face of the reigning orthodoxy by hinting that there is something inherently superior in children's being raised by their own parents in an intact family. Many professional women, single parents, and human-services personnel seem to take this praise of the ideal as an insult to the good they do. Many single parents *are* doing an excellent job of raising their children. But should we pretend that divorce and unwed motherhood are symptoms of social *strength*?

Liberalism since the Sixties has repudiated the validity of the ideal, anxious to placate feminism and the demand for instant pleasure without negative consequences. The facts of human nature do not change, however: to develop into stable, virtuous men and women, children need the constant, loving, particular attention of one or two consistent adults.

If we are to reassert the ideal, we must re-examine employment policies that lure mothers into the workforce, change tax policies that favor working mothers over full-time homemakers, and create tax oases for families of young children. Technology can come to our aid here, if it is not trammeled

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by politics as it has been in previous opportunities. Thirteen million new jobs could be created at home (presumably mostly for women) if government resists pressure from organized labor to outlaw home employment. Local laws restricting businesses operated out of the home—including computer work—must be corrected.

For those unmoved by social and moral arguments, there are hard dollars-and-cents considerations. If children are given the right formation they become a net plus to the public treasury; if not, they end up as a drain on it. According to University of North Carolina sociologist Peter Uhlenberg, there were in 1976 more than 260 programs administered by twenty different agencies of the Federal Government whose primary mission was to benefit children and adolescents, from recreation programs to drug and alcohol rehabilitation, job training, delinquency prevention, juvenile justice services, nutrition guidance, and so on. Real per-capita social-welfare expenditures in the country increased about five-fold between 1960 and 1980, with youth programs keeping pace. The government was doing more and more, and families were doing less and less. But did the well-being of the "beneficiaries" increase?

Among white adolescents aged 15 to 19, Uhlenberg found that, between 1960 and 1980, the death rate from suicide increased 140 per cent; from homicide, 232 per cent. The gonorrhea morbidity rate increased 199 per cent. Just between 1972 and 1979, the proportion of children aged 12 to 17 using alcohol increased 56 per cent; using drugs, 139 per cent. From 1970 to 1980, the arrest rate in that age group for violent crimes increased 60 per cent. This is the future we buy with our "investments."

It all comes down to values. Traditional values work because they are the guidelines most consistent with human nature for producing happiness and achievement. Children who are not trained to traditional values are deprived of the best opportunity to understand their own nature and achieve that happiness. Children who *are* trained to these values are nonetheless free, upon maturity, to reject them: that is why, contrary to what the relativists insist, instilling them is not oppressive. But if these values are at least transmitted to all members of society, the possibility for a fundamental consensus on behavior exists.

Ronald Reagan got elected and re-elected in large part because enough people agreed that the policies of the welfare state had failed, and enough wanted to hear more about traditional values. The public wanted government to shrink its role in their lives. That basic impulse has been developed for eight years now. In the meantime, we still have a welfare state that shows no signs of curing a single social ill, let alone withering away—it is, of course, intrinsically incapable of doing either. (One example: civil servants who run drug-treatment programs do not and cannot address the hurts and wounds that drive their clients to drugs—nor, as federal employees, should they.) This system perpetuates itself and the problems it pretends to solve; and yet we cannot follow the vision on which Ronald Reagan was elected until the way society organizes its approach to problems is changed—until people are again in charge of their own affairs, and those of their local community.

WHAT CAN we do? An example comes from Texas. Jimmy Starkes runs the Dallas Life Foundation, a shelter for the homeless. It houses one thousand people, with over two hundred volunteers and fewer than fifty employees, many of both groups themselves former street people. Starkes estimates that out of every ten homeless people who come through his system, eight are employed and productive when he stops following them, whereas only one out of ten who go through a public shelter would have such a future. In 1987, Starkes raised $2 million in cash and in kind from the Dallas community to do this work—from people who are also paying taxes so government can do its ineffective work on the same mission.

Here is the answer: transfer, one by one, the functions of the welfare state from bureaucrats, whose vested interest is perpetuation of the problem, to service-oriented people whose only interest is solution of the problem in its current victims, and prevention of it in its future victims.

Sure, Jimmy Starkes gets the people he helps to commit their lives to Christ. Liberals would say that's unconstitutional; some conservatives would feel it's not fair. But Starkes would tell you that unless they do that first, he can't help them, because they're not willing to *let* him help them change their lives. Welfare agencies don't demand that change of heart, nor do they have Jimmy Starkes's low recidivism rate.

Liberal solutions don't work because institutions cannot change hearts or minds. *People* do that. That's why the family must hold onto as many functions as it can, and reclaim those that have been taken from it: because the consolidation of tasks in the family intensifies the interaction among members, and heightens awareness of and commitment to one another's welfare. That gives the long-range focus to our lives that connects us to society and enables us to extend our concern to our fellow citizens.

"Private-sector initiatives" is a fine watchword, but if it just means business voluntarily giving money to government-style programs, it is no solution to social problems. If it means empowering ancient institutions to do that which they do best, namely catalyze change in human hearts and actions, then it can invite a solution. □

"I hate cocktail parties, but I love cocktails."

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THE WILLIAMSBURG CHALLENGE

THERE IS no necessary connection, but it could be more than coincidence. The Williamsburg Charter on the First Amendment Religious Liberty Clause was formally signed on June 25, and four days later the Supreme Court decided *Bowen* v. *Kendrick*. Chief Justice Rehnquist, who wrote the majority opinion, had earlier read and endorsed the Charter. Whatever may have been the connection, if any, the Court's opinion very nicely exemplifies the argument of the Williamsburg Charter.

In *Bowen* v. *Kendrick*, Rehnquist found (with White, O'Connor, Scalia, and Kennedy) that the Adolescent Family Life Act is not unconstitutional simply because it includes religious organizations in a program to combat teenage pregnancy and promote responsible sexual behavior. The separation of church and state, the Court made clear (following the same line of argument as the Charter), does not mean the separation of religion from public life. The "non-establishment" of religion does not prohibit the free exercise of religion in the pursuit of legitimate public purposes.

I should declare my interest in the Williamsburg Charter. I was chairman of the committee that drafted it. The committee included members who held differing, often conflicting, views of the First Amendment's religion clause, and the work was done in consultation with constitutional scholars across the country and across the jurisprudential spectrum. As Gouverneur Morris said of the Constitution itself, much more so must it be said of the Charter: "It is not a faultless work." Yet at the signing ceremonies in Williamsburg, Virginia, it was obvious that the Charter had rallied unprecedented support from the religious, academic, judicial, and political leadership of America. It has no force in law, but it is reasonable to believe that it will be an important point of reference in discussions of the First Amendment for years to come.

There were some conspicuous absences at the signing ceremony. No one expected approval from the handful of theocrats who believe that democracy is a heresy and the First Amendment is an obstacle to establishing "Christian America" on the basis of Bible law. Nor was approval expected from the American Civil Liberties Union and other extremists devoted to a naked public square scrupulously separated from the influences of religion and religiously based morality. It was hoped, however, that the President would be there. He was not. Neither was the Vice President. (Ironically, Dukakis has signed the Charter, while Bush has not. Whether either has read it is another question.) Perhaps we should not be too hard on the White House. At the last minute it received storm signals from a few folks close to the Religious Right, notably from Interior Secretary Don Hodel, and it decided not to risk the political rain.

It is a puzzle that some conservatives should so grievously misunderstand a document that so strongly supports a central component of the putative Reagan Revolution. One source of misunderstanding may have been the effort to sell the Charter to those on the Left who were leery of some of the people involved, not least of all this writer. In that effort, the Charter was sometimes depicted as no more than a liberal call for superficial tolerance, combined with an implicit dumping on Religious Rightists who have in recent years allegedly disturbed the civil peace. The remedy for that erroneous depiction of the Charter is in the reading of it.

Another problem is connected with the Religious Right's continuing sense of insecurity about its unaccustomed prominence in American life. That insecurity is reflected in the feeling that, if the National Council of Churches, for example, can sign the Charter, then the Liberty Federation, for example, must keep its distance or risk being taken in by an insidious liberal plot. The thought is not entertained that, just maybe, the National Council of Churches has been brought around to, if not repentance for its sins, at least an acknowledgment that it too has a deep stake in the religious freedom for which its fundamentalist opponents contend. The Williamsburg Charter strongly affirms the legitimate arguments so effectively pressed by the Religious Right in the past decade. There are some in the Religious Right, however, who still have great difficulty in accepting yes for an answer.

No Time for Games

A LESS EDIFYING reason has been given for why some conservatives pressed the White House to stay away. It is said that political operatives want the Religious Right to be "mad as hell" for the November election. They feared that any sign of agreement across partisan lines might cool the fervor of conservatives for a Republican victory. I decline to believe that this was the reason for notable absences at Williamsburg. The questions addressed by the Charter are much too solemn to be exploited in political games.

Spaces are still reserved for the signatures of those who are prepared to read the Charter again, or for the first time. It is not a faultless work, but it is a forceful challenge to four decades of the inversion of the First Amendment by which the free exercise of religion has been subordinated to a spurious reading of no-establishment. The many conservative signatures on the Charter refute the charge that conservatives are amenable to the theocratic temptation. The conspicuously missing signatures raise unnecessary and potentially troublesome questions. □

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AND ONCE AS FARCE

MRS. THATCHER has more than once expressed her wish to see socialism dead and buried. The media, rather unimaginatively, have taken this to mean that she wants to see the British Labour Party finished for good and either replaced by a center party or not replaced at all—a grand dream of dynastic Thatcherism. In either case, her wish was not to be taken seriously.

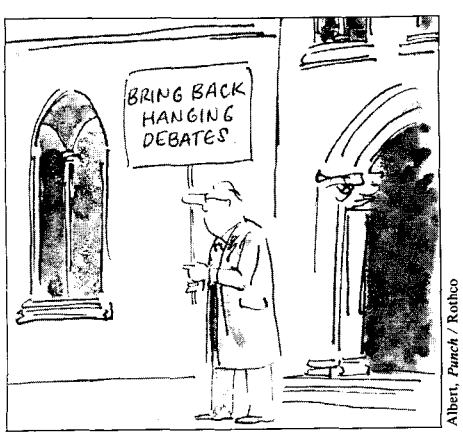
But the wish was not about the Labour Party but about the end of *socialism*, both as a system of intellectual ideas and as a moral impulse. This is far from fantasy. Few thinking people in Communist countries believe, any longer, in socialism. In the West, it is popularly discredited and survives largely among intellectuals and "personalities in the arts." Of course the Left parties survive, along with their politicians. But increasingly their actual policies owe little to socialism.

The rhetoric lives on; so do the institutions. It is brain death we are witnessing. Without a brain, the body still jerks and thrashes. Being a big body, bloated with vested interests, it is dangerous in its writhings.

The latest evidence of this long terminal decay is the engaging tale of the Left's new think-tank. First the story went the rounds of the press that the popular historian Lady Antonia Fraser, her husband, the playwright Harold Pinter, the author John Mortimer, and various other personalities-in-the-arts had met to discuss a new Left philosophy to combat "Thatcherism." They were to meet again, perhaps regularly even. The story was greeted with hilarity. The satirical magazine *Private Eye* turned their first meeting into a mock Pinter play, "The Think-Tank: A Farce in Two Acts." In Act 2, no one is there. Presumably they are holidaying in their Tuscan villas.

But there is a more serious think-tank, announced a couple of weeks later, that really does exist. It has a board, and money to last several years; and it is currently looking for a director. It is a Left think-tank, for the moment run by the sociologist Lady Blackstone, and designed to explore new ideas for policy. The assumption is that it can do for the Left what various other think-tanks have done for "the Right" in reviving market economics and conservative ideas. For there are now several such conservative tanks, including the Institute of Economic Affairs, the Center for Policy Studies, the Institute for European Defense and Strategic Studies, and indeed one I am associated with, the Social Affairs Unit. For years now, they have fueled the Thatcher revolution with new or rediscovered ideas.

It is supposedly on these that the new Left tank is modeled. But can it really expect the same success? It's instructive to see the tired socialist principles at work in its initial priorities: first raise the money for a three- or five-year plan, then constitute a board, then look to see if there is actually anyone around to *be* the institute. Most of the successful tanks have worked the other way around, founded by an individual or two with powerful personalities who raise the money as they go along. That combination allows for maximum irreverence, independence, and inventiveness and yet keeps the tank in constant touch with the real world of its funders.



Albert, *Punch* / Rothco

More important, the Left has not grasped how think-tanks work. Think-tanks do not *make* ideas. They do not create ideas themselves *de novo*. They commission studies from thinkers who already exist, edit them, and promote them. They can only work if there is a stock of ideas, and a stock of thinking people who have not had adequate exposure.

IS THERE a stock of exciting socialist ideas lying, unused, waiting to be promoted? It hardly seems likely. For 15 years now the Left has been hunting for one without success. It doesn't lack thinkers. The universities are stuffed with left-wingers busily thinking away. But even when fed liberal doses of taxpayers' money to do so, they have been unable to come up with an attractive idea, new or old. There are already more than enough institutes, units, workshops, and advocacy groups on the environment, unemployment, poverty, etc., working self-appointedly to secure the "rights" of this or that group, bleating for more government handouts for this or that special interest, championing feminist absurdities or the rights of seals or of pigs—and nearly all of them Left. Yet all these well-funded, intelligent chaps have failed to discover a single idea for the Left.

The possibility must be that there isn't one to be found. Perhaps socialism is simply unsalable—except to those who are so wealthy that money is no object. So the brave new tank will be reduced to repackaging tired old ideas in glossy covers which the press and the public won't buy. Mrs. Thatcher may be proved right after all —yet again. □

Mr. Anderson has his own London think-tank, the Social Affairs Unit.

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INCLUSION—UP TO A POINT

Joseph Sobran

The Politics of Inclusion, by Thomas H. Kean (Free Press, 259 pp., $17.95)

THOMAS KEAN is one of the great political success stories of the Eighties. In 1981, running as a Republican in a state where the party had recently flirted with extinction, he was narrowly elected governor of New Jersey. Four years later he was re-elected with 70 per cent of the vote —including 60 per cent of the black vote. For the first time in memory, Republicans owned the state legislature.

They say the trouble with self-made men is that they insist on sharing the recipe, but in *The Politics of Inclusion* Kean offers his with subdued, honest charm. He speaks of everyone with respect, often with warmth; no grudges, vendettas, or snobbery here. He tells funny stories, like the one about the legislator who, after arguing passionately for a bill for twenty minutes, was informed in mid speech that the party had decided to oppose it; without pausing, he said, "Those are the arguments for the bill. However, there are even better arguments against it," and proceeded to denounce it for twenty minutes.

Kean earned his popularity. Under him, New Jersey has been transformed from the original Rust Belt state and capital of patronage and corruption to a robust exemplar of economic recovery. He has managed to balance the budget, cut taxes, encourage business, finance infrastructural renewal, reform the welfare system, control pollution, slash the crime rate, and win New Jersey one of the nation's top credit ratings.

He tells you how he achieved all this in a modest, matter-of-fact way that makes complex, boring topics (such as financing infrastructural renewal) comprehensible and interesting. On top of everything else, the governor of New Jersey writes more than decent English prose, devoid of political cant.

His political skills match his managerial ones. He has always thought it was a mistake for Republicans to write off the black vote, so, without pandering, he went for it. It turned out that blacks wanted the same things whites did: jobs, welfare reform, a crackdown on crime.

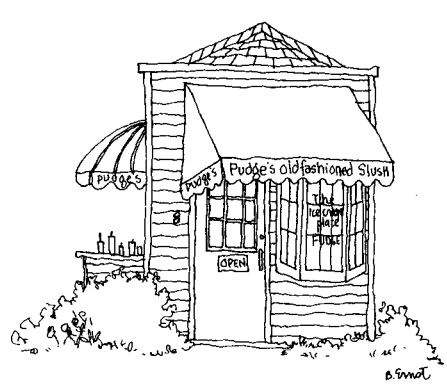
Kean has spent several summers working at a camp with black inner-city kids, and it was they who changed his mind in favor of capital punishment. One of them explained to him how a certain gang had younger members do the dirty work, since they faced mild penalties if caught. "These street kids knew the odds," Kean observes. "I asked the kid what he would have done if there had been a death penalty. His answer: 'Hell, man, nobody wants to fool with that!' "

That's how Kean writes and thinks: simply, from experience. He can trace blood ties to several Presidents, but as a child he was shy, lonely, on his own much of the time, bothered by a stutter. He made up his own mind about things. He seems to be cliché-proof.

He's also rather distant from conservatives. They disapprove of many of his stands, especially on abortion, but his mind is open. Not exactly liberal, he has adopted supply-side economics as a matter of common sense, and is willing to use the increased revenues generated by lower taxes to finance programs conservatives oppose. But there's no denying he has made managerial government work superbly. They don't make New Jersey jokes in New York any more.

When he ran for governor in 1981, anti-abortion groups offered to support him if he would endorse their cause. He recalls:

> These were good, decent people who believed absolutely in their cause. I liked them as individuals and found that I could support many of their groups' positions. In our country, needless abortions are performed, many horribly late in the pregnancy. I would like to see abortions limited, but I simply could not agree to support a constitutional amendment to deny women the right to an abortion in every instance. So, reluctantly in some cases, the activists worked for one of my opponents. I didn't like losing



Aram Bakshian Jr. writes frequently on politics, history, and the arts. In 1985 he undertook an extensive fact-finding tour of Latin America, including Brazil, for the Inter-American Development Bank.

Tom Bethell's latest book is The Electric Windmill *(Regnery Gateway).*

Thomas W. Case, a freelance writer living in Berkeley, California, holds a master's degree in theology from the Graduate Theological Seminary in Berkeley.

Hugh Kenner's latest book is The Mechanic Muse *(Oxford).*

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM AUGUST: *Fair Play: CBS, General Westmoreland, and How a Television Documentary Went Wrong* (Harper & Row, $17.95), by Burton Benjamin, with an introduction by Walter Cronkite, is an account by a CBS executive of the planning and execution of "The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception," broadcast on *CBS Reports*, January 23, 1982, and later the subject of a major (though unsuccessful) lawsuit by General Westmoreland. Benjamin concludes that, while sound in conception, the show "coddled" witnesses sympathetic to the network's preconceived ideas, while treating Westmoreland himself with unmitigated severity.

☐ MORE SEPTEMBER TITLES: In *Rendezvous with Reality: The American Economy after Reagan* (Basic, $19.95), Murray Weidenbaum, former chairman of President Reagan's Council of Economic Advisors, argues that the budget and trade deficits are drawing the United States into economic stagnation, and perhaps economic disaster. The answer to the crisis lies, he believes, in less, rather than more, government intervention: protectionism, over-regulation, and "industrial policy" have only helped to land us in the mess we are in.

Our Children and Our Country: Improving America's Schools and Affirming the Common Culture (Simon & Schuster, $19.95), by William J. Bennett, U.S. Secretary of Education, argues for "*what works* in education." He stresses the need for attention at all levels to "our Western tradition of learning," and advocates the development of "the three Cs": content, character, and choice.

In *Remembering America: A Voice from the Sixties* (Little, Brown, $19.95), Richard N. Goodwin, formerly assistant special counsel to President Kennedy and chief speechwriter for President Johnson, presents a turbulent decade in broadly generalized strokes and from an unrelentingly liberal point of view—e.g., "The Great Society did not fail. It was abandoned."

The Magic Lantern: An Autobiography (Viking, $19.95), by Ingmar Bergman, translated by Joan Tate, is a by no means unremittingly interesting volume that nevertheless does have its moments. —CW

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their support, but had I accepted their case, I would have violated my own integrity, and the voters would have known.

That's a good example of Kean's no-rough-edges approach. He obviously doesn't take abortion lightly. Unfortunately, though he doesn't mention it, he has moved beyond tolerating abortion to paying abortionists out of state funds. These characters make a killing in more ways than one, and it's sad to see a man like Kean, who is neither spineless nor inhumane, taking the path of least resistance.

Later he laments that "much of our political energy is devoted to narrow issues that divide the electorate: abortion, school prayer, the ERA, gay rights, the death penalty. These are important issues . . . but they should not be the issues that decide elections, because they divide us when we need to be united." He prefers to set them aside and concentrate on promoting issues everyone can agree on: jobs, good schools, comfortable homes, and safe, drug-free neighborhoods.

The instinct is understandable. In terms of the economy of political energy, it's true that Kean has achieved more by sidestepping controversial issues than he would have done if he had gotten enmeshed in them. The basis of his politics is the consensus that prosperity is desirable. Working on that basis, he has made an enormous success.

But this calculus of success is also a serious limitation. It tends to eliminate from consideration goods that are not only desirable but incommensurable. If abortion is bad, it's necessarily worse than bad in the sense that potholes are bad. To call it a narrow issue is to expose a certain narrowness of mind. One can only hope that this good man will deepen his view of "inclusion," even if it costs him some political capital. ☐

AUTRES TEMPS, AUTRES MOEURS

Tom Bethell

Peace & Revolution: The Moral Crisis of American Pacifism, by Guenter Lewy (Eerdmans, 283 pp., $19.95)

"WHILE AT one time pacifists were single-mindedly devoted to the principles of nonviolence and reconciliation," Guenter Lewy writes, "today most pacifist groups defend the moral legitimacy of armed struggle and guerrilla warfare, and they praise and support the Communist regimes emerging from such conflicts."

It says much about our still-socialist age that this comes as no surprise. (Imagine, by contrast, the implausibility of the ACLU's being taken over by libertarians or the ADA's being recaptured by the cold-warriors who founded it.) The perennial Communist strategy has been to conceal its aggressive designs behind a mask of peace. Is there a dutiful leftist anywhere who does not proclaim PEACE from his bumper?

Lewy goes on to say that the "crucial change in outlook began during the American involvement in Vietnam, when the leading pacifist organizations not only opposed the U.S. role but gradually became ardent supporters of the National Liberation Front. This friendly disposition toward so-called national-liberation movements has continued—although, significantly, it does not include movements battling Communist domination."

A professor emeritus of political science at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, Lewy has written several scholarly books dealing with one or another aspect of the contemporary struggle with Communism. The four major organizations he examines here are the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the American Friends Service Committee, and the War Resisters League.

Lewy has left no stone unturned, and by the end of the book it is fair to say that he has left not one stone standing upon another. He demolishes the contemporary pacifists' peace-loving pretense—given that the socialist regimes they support are peaceful only in the way that concentration camps are peaceful. If those inside them don't put up a fight, it is only because they risk being shot if they do. The organizations Lewy describes should be thought of as vestigial structures, built and once occupied by real pacifists, but now mere husks convenient for disguising the antithetical goals of their new occupants.

There was once a time "when pacifists were pacifists," Lewy reminds us. The Fellowship of Reconciliation, founded in 1914, opposed working with Communists who "use a united front for boring from within." Its executive secretary, Alfred Hassler, argued as late as 1963 that "[we do not] build peace

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by allowing ourselves to be used by one side of the Cold War against the other." In 1919, the recently founded WILPF stated that its "special part in this revolutionary age [was] to counsel against violence from any side."

The groups under scrutiny were all founded during or shortly after World War I. Lewy might well have devoted a chapter to the significance of this. In retrospect, I believe, a pacifist position in that war was reasonable. What on earth, we may now wonder, as pacifists at the time did wonder, were British and German soldiers doing, lined up in trenches a few hundred feet apart and blazing away at one another for weeks or months at a time? I'm sorry, but the assassination of an archduke at Sarajevo will not do at all. What principles were at stake, exactly? The relative size of the British and German navies?

In the present, protracted conflict, with Communists and their supporters on one side and everyone else on the other, clear principles *are* at stake and pacifism no longer makes any sense. Communism is an attempt to reorganize the world without God. The war we are in is therefore theological and total, and it has little room for neutrals, bandage-wrappers, and ambulance drivers. The war is spiritual, not geographical. Its divisions in no way correspond to national borders. The West has many Communist sympathizers, just as the Eastern Bloc has many believers and churchgoers.

Pacifism, which tries to stop aggression by making aggressors ashamed of themselves, is no more effective against Communism than it is against rape. Logically, therefore, pacifist organizations dating from World War I ought to have gone out of business. They have not, because their outer shells provide good camouflage for those who seek to promote the Communist cause under misleading auspices.

When Lewy says "American pacifists today rarely invoke God or the Sermon on the Mount, and few of them pray for the conversion of Soviet leader Gorbachev," he seems to be under the impression that those who now call themselves pacifists belong to the same taxonomic species as those who called themselves and really were pacifists in the 1920s. This is odd because *Peace & Revolution* documents with Lewy's characteristic thoroughness the step-by-step takeover of pacifist organizations by creatures of another stripe.

An ironical postscript: In a section on the widespread political influence of today's quasi-pacifists, Lewy notes that "the Roman Catholic bishops of the United States have questioned the moral acceptability of the doctrine of nuclear deterrence, the cornerstone of the West's defense posture."

This was true when Lewy wrote it, but now, confronted with the appalling possibility that the U.S. might actually defend itself against incoming Soviet missiles, the bishops, led by the ludicrous Bernardin of Chicago, have denounced Strategic Defense and now find Mutual Assured Destruction rather more to their liking. Once again, we see a pacifist position of at least some legitimacy being abandoned in favor of another more to the liking of the Soviet Union. □

A COURTEOUS LOVE

Thomas W. Case

You Reject Them, You Reject Me: The Prison Letters of Joan Andrews, edited by Richard Cowden-Guido (Trinity Communications, 222 pp., $12.95)

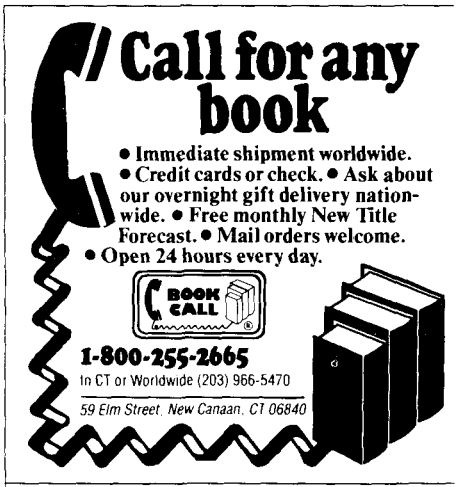
PRE-BORN INFANTS at the age of six months have the beginnings of eyebrows and eyelashes. Their faces have taken on resemblances to their parents' faces. They can kick, make a fist, turn somersaults; they weigh about one pound six ounces and, thanks to modern medicine, can often survive premature birth at this age. It is legal in our country to abort such babies.

Ninety-five per cent of all legal induced abortions in America are performed by a method known as suction aspiration, in which a sort of superstrong vacuum cleaner is introduced into the womb of the mother, ripping out shreds of baby and placenta. On September 24, 1986, Joan Andrews, a woman who believes abortion is murder, was sentenced to five years in prison for unsuccessfully trying to disable a suction aspirator in a Florida abortion mill. The judge in the case justified the rather extreme punishment by noting that the prisoner was "unrepentant."

Indeed she was. She refused to conform to prison routine (signing forms and attending meetings, for example), on the principle of "you reject them [the babies], you reject me." After a short stay in two other prisons, she was transferred to the maximum-security facility at Broward, Florida, where she was placed in solitary confinement. After a year she was moved to the Women's Correctional Institute in her home state, Delaware. By June 17, 1988, she was back at Broward. The state of Florida had treated her unjustly, she said, and therefore should bear the burden of her imprisonment.

Back at Broward, this arch-criminal was subjected to what is euphemistically known as a "cavity" strip search, with a male guard taking part. She resisted nonviolently and suffered for it. As she wrote in a letter to her sister: "I wasn't hurt except for a few bruises and lacerations . . . [but] emotionally I feel as though I went through an attempted rape with all the brutality and degradation . . . It brought home to me even more clearly the dehumanizing attacks on the dignity of the pre-natal children, the newborn handicapped, and the elderly or infirm 'unwanted.' "

The Prison Letters is heavy-duty reading, full of heart-wrenching excite-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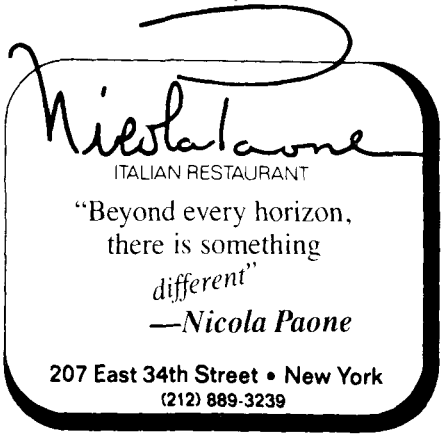

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ment and scintillating poignancy. In these pages we find a courteous kind of love for all of us, and a strength of character reminiscent of Miss Andrews's namesake, Joan of Arc. Joan Andrews has an indomitable spirit that quite possibly will earn her a literal martyrdom in the bowels of Broward prison. (She has lost one eye to melanoma, and might never leave prison alive.)

In one letter Miss Andrews says: "I cannot express my shock and horror in 1973 with the abortion decision [*Roe* v. *Wade*]. I awaited the uprising of the Catholic Church, but that did not come. I made plans and preparations to disarm the killing weapons in the abortion centers, and prayed for guidance and strength. In December of 1973 I headed by bus to Chicago to begin this effort, which I expected to become my life from that moment on until the holocaust ended or God called me to leave this life. I did not particularly think of martyrdom, but, not knowing how long the holocaust would last, I knew unless it ended in my lifetime I'd be working to end it until the end of my life."

That she has not wavered in her duty is brought out by the accounts in this volume of her 120 arrests for sit-ins and rescue operations. Richard Cowden-Guido, a passionate historian of contemporary Catholicism, has done a fine job, juxtaposing Joan Andrews's letters from prison with official documents and editorials, such as this scrap from an editorial in the *Pensacola News Journal* regarding the efforts of the pro-lifers: "They ought to take out every fanatic in the world and shoot him down like a dog."

While we're at it, let's eliminate the old, the infirm, the dependent, the unwanted. Welcome to the Final Solution. □

THANK GOD FOR PAUL FUSSELL

Jeffrey Hart

Thank God for the Atom Bomb, and Other Essays, by Paul Fussell (Summit, 298 pp., $17.95)

PAUL FUSSELL, now Donald T. Regan Professor of English Literature at the University of Pennsylvania, has done magnificent things all along the

intellectual front. His range is enormous. To mention only three of his eight books to date, *The Rhetorical World of Augustan Humanism* (1965), a study of such writers as Swift, Pope, Johnson, and Burke, remains one of the three or four fundamental works on eighteenth-century literature written in our time; *The Great War and Modern Memory* (1975) is a superb study of the literary and cultural response to World War I, and reached a very wide audience; and *Class* (1983) humorously explores the dirty little secret of American culture: the persistence, under egalitarian professions, of a savage consciousness of the reality of social class.

Thank God for the Atom Bomb is a collection of recent essays that covers a lot of territory. In various ways it calls to mind Edmund Wilson and George Orwell, each of whom also brought a fine intelligence to bear upon matters of high as well as popular culture. Fussell begins by daring to defend Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The Bomb saved not only a million American lives but who knows how many millions of Japanese lives. Okinawa had given us a sample of what we could expect had we undertaken a full-scale invasion. On the home islands the Japanese, civilian as well as military, were totally mobilized and prepared for mass suicide attacks. They would have been ground to pieces by an American invasion, of course, but at great cost to our side. Professor Michael Walzer has offered a critique (printed in this volume) of this theory, but Fussell handles it easily.

Fussell includes a very funny essay on British covert propaganda during World War II, a surprisingly comprehensive effort, including a bogus memoir by a fictitious Dutch boy and a bogus map showing Nazi plans for Latin America which was actually cited by FDR in a speech.

There are important essays on the exfoliation of the pastoral mode and a surprisingly interesting essay on nude beaches in Yugoslavia. We also read amazing things about the cult of the mother early in this century. And much else. The volume ends with an important essay on Modernism, which makes the countercase, persuasively, for the poetry of Edmund Blunden. When a critic enables us to re-see such poetry as Blunden's, bringing it out from under the shadow of Eliot and Joyce, he has done us an immeasurable favor.

There is an essay here on Orwell, and the presence of Orwell is pervasive throughout. For Fussell, as indeed for Trilling and others, Orwell is an exemplary figure. Orwell very often succeeded in seeing what was in front of his face, and he wrote about it in a style not only free from cant but possessed of a muscular ease that was the product of long effort.

And here we approach what can only be called the greatness of Fussell, whose arguments, opinions, and observations are important, but whose voice, stance, and intellectual bearing are more important still. Fussell writes as well as Orwell, and his imaginative range—not to mention his learning—is greater. Orwell could not handle a literature of extremes—as witness the failure of his essays on Swift and his inadequacy before Yeats and even Dickens. Fussell has a greater imaginative reach. From him we get an intellectual/moral performance of the highest order.

All who have followed Paul Fussell's remarkable career await impatiently his forthcoming book on the literary and cultural response to World War II. □

AMO, AMAS, AMADO

Aram Bakshian Jr.

Showdown, by Jorge Amado, translated by Gregory Rabassa (Bantam, 432 pp., $18.95)

BRAZIL IS an easy country to love. The scenery, the women, the music, humor, food, and drink are all equally seductive, all rendered unique by a special fusing of Lusitanian and African

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qualities and a contained, easy self-identity that make even the poorest, most wretched Brazilians seem models of well-balanced social integration compared to their formerly Spanish-governed neighbors. Ironically, this comparison is at least as true when made with the supposedly more advanced Spanish-speaking countries such as Argentina, Uruguay, and Chile, as when made with the poorer, more backward, and far more somber Hispano-Indian nations like Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Paraguay.

Unlike the pinchbeck Parisian boulevardiers of Buenos Aires, Montevideo, and Santiago, and the alienated *Indio* and *mestizo* peasantry of most of Latin America, the vast majority of white, brown, black, and bronze Brazilians of all classes seem genuinely, unabashedly happy to be Brazilian. They may want to be a little richer, a little freer, or a little healthier; they do not want to be anything other than Brazilian.

And most Brazilians—and foreign Brazilophiles—find the novels of Jorge Amado irresistible. This can be most annoying, since, besides being a creative genius, Amado is also a rabid political bore, a Marxist populist whose more "serious" novels suffer from toxic spillovers of his ideological bile.

At 75, Amado has lost none of his artistic powers; his political posturing, though, has gone a bit stale. Predictably, some left-wing critics have hailed the master's latest novel, *Showdown*, as a welcome return to his Marxist roots after too many years of carousing amongst the happy hovels and festive fleshpots of *Doña Flor*, *Gabriela*, *Tereza Batista*, *Tieta*, and numerous lesser but highly enjoyable performances, notably *Home Is the Sailor* and *Pen, Sword, Camisole*.

In fact, *Showdown* is a powerful, moving, and mostly enjoyable book because Amado cannot help writing beautifully about frontiersmen, whores, vagabonds, and the charms and perils of turn-of-the-century Bahia in the era of the cacao wars—a Wild West superimposed on a corrupt, ignorant world, lacking the political and economic cohesion of the North American frontier, where law, order, and a quickly solidified middle class made all the difference (although cutting down on the entertainment value of their rapidly sanitized communities). But when Amado turns his art into propaganda—as in the incredibly bloody finale, in which thugs gun down nearly every sympathetic character in the novel, including an eighty-year-old matriarch and the hero's dog—*Showdown* fails as literature, while also falling flat as political pleading.

Still, there are more than enough good things in Amado's latest book to justify wading through the occasional polemical puddle. He remains a master of the telling detail, with an eye for color, a nose for both the noisome and the delectable, and an unrivaled ear for nicknames, banter, and seemingly simple dialogue that is at once plausible in the mouths of his humble characters and glowingly lyrical. A Brazilianized blend of Faulkner, Steinbeck, Miller, and de Maupassant, Amado is, perhaps, the supreme picaresque novelist of our time, profiting from one of the richest settings nature, combined with national evolution, has ever provided.

In Gregory Rabassa, Jorge Amado has found a worthy translator. Unfortunately, the proofing of Bantam's English-language edition is terribly sloppy. Besides numerous substitutions of words ("hearing" for "bearing"), the publisher even manages to misspell "Suerdieck," the author's favorite cigar brand. *Amo, amas, Amado*: one can forgive Mr. Amado almost anything, but Bantam's proofreaders have blundered beyond redemption. □

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WHATEVER SPINS AROUND

Hugh Kenner

New and Collected Poems, by Richard Wilbur (Harcourt Brace, 393 pp., $27.95)

WHO'S WHO listed Richard Purdy Wilbur (b. 1921) as "educator, writer," not anticipating the Poet Laureatcy (whatever that means) of the United States. To be Poet Laureate of England can be a grim task; of Ted Hughes it has already exacted nearly worse than it did of Tennyson, 15 stanzas on the wedding of Prince Andrew and Sarah Ferguson, of which the nadir is perhaps

Dance, dance, as Eve and Adam
Kicked their worries off
In Paradise, before they heard
God politely cough. . . .

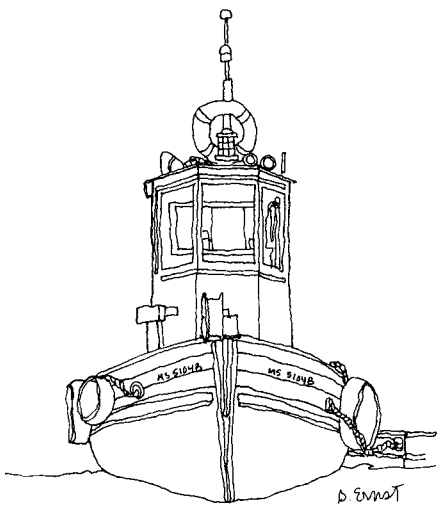
—So far down could the ventriloquist of *Crow* be dragged.

Wilbur on an uplifting occasion can be defter than that. For the Statue of Liberty's centennial he provided text for a cantata, e.g.,

Now is our lady's honor
Come dance on freedom's ground,
And do the waltz or polka,
Whatever spins around. . . .

—Now there's a mind spinning free as a maple-key, while William Schuman's music will have gone *pu* PAH *pu* PAH *pu* PAH.

Still, Wilbur confronting august Ms. Liberty was as little himself as Hughes rapt by broad-beamed Fergie. Unloaded of tons of bronze, Wilbur's Muse is happy to disclose sterling credentials. She's of yeoman Victorian stock, with prestidigitators in her pedigree: John Hookham Frere, Tom Hood. In an era (Coleridge, Tennyson, Swinburne) when English poetry was mounting aesthetic hilltops, letting go all touch with the immediate, decking Generality's grandeur in vacuous sound, a grip on particulars Crabbe and Wordsworth had prized took refuge in London cellars, to suffer disdain as "light verse." W. S. Gilbert helped keep it alive (and the Queen, who knighted Sullivan, left knighting Gilbert to her feckless son). By the 1930s Auden was dragging that bedraggled tradition back up toward respectability.



Wilbur admires Auden, justly; he "sustained the civil tongue / In a scattering time." Still, Auden's particularity did tend to be of a newspaper order, something his wit could distance itself from the way you can drop the *Times* with a wry shrug. By his day, if you put the specific into rhymed and metered lines you were next expected to perform a juggling act, and he hadn't the radical originality to subvert that expectation. He'd even concede, as Wilbur also seems to, that poetry has always been (really) a kind of game.

What a poet tends to think poetry is, really, will come out when he deals with predecessor poets. So here's Richard Wilbur (1969) "doing" Villon, a kind of exercise he returns to every so often:

O tell me where, in lands or seas,
Flora, that Roman belle, has strayed,
Thais, or Archipiades,
Who put each other in the shade,
Or Echo who by bank and glade
Gave back the crying of the hound,
And whose sheer beauty could not fade.
But where shall last year's snow be found?

Beside that, Rossetti's "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" is, yes, oratorical, unidiomatic. "Yesteryear," forsooth. Wilbur's speech comes trippingly off any tongue unperplexed by the original. But—

Dictes moy ou, n'en quel pays
Est Flora la belle Rommaine . . .

We see how the translator has contributed "seas" and "strayed," and it's he who has pitched the whole thing in the key of "O," and has diminished, ever so wittily, "*la belle Rommaine*" to "that Roman belle" (she was a courtesan, Juvenal tells us): all to get an agreeable ease far from Villon's grim thought.* Villon's point is that Flora is *dead*, not that she's "strayed." And here's Villon used as occasion for a Victor Borge order of virtuosity. Which is not to be snoozed at.

Wilbur offers a clutch of very neat translations, notable for the way they do tend to be occasions. It's not that, somehow or other, you and I *must* take the force of some overwhelming utterance from an alien tongue. No, it's that Villon or Charles d'Orleans or Voltaire has provided our gentleman poet, this afternoon, with something to do that indeed he does do quite well.

The death of a toad (it got chopped by a power mower) was likewise an occasion, for orotund phrases ("misted and ebullient seas"; "lost Amphibia's emperies"). I remember how that so upset a critic that in his delirium he kept calling the toad a frog. And I do see what upset him. But note: 1) plead inexperience: it's a four-decades-ago poem; 2) even so early, Wilbur could specify "the power mower" that "chewed and clipped" the toad's leg. Wilbur did lapse into Swinburnisms. But could Swinburne, ever, have called, say, a punch-press by name?

What he has long since arrived at is an enviable sureness, an evenness of performance that doesn't lapse, that seems not to fumble for rhymes, that can draw syntax out the length of several stanzas or else box it in crisply. The quotidian doesn't bore him, and he's untempted by bardic postures. The opening of "C Minor" will illustrate:

Beethoven during breakfast? The human soul,
Though stalked by hollow pluckings, winning out
(While bran-flakes crackle in the cereal-bowl)
Over despair and doubt?

You are right to switch it off, and let the day
Begin at hazard, perhaps with pecker-knocks

*For the tone, try Basil Bunting's imitation:

Abelard and Eloise,
Henry the Fowler, Charlemagne,
Genée, Lopokova, all these
die, die in pain . . .

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In the sugar bush, the rancor of a jay,
Or in the letter box

Something that makes you pause and with fixed shadow
Stand on the driveway gravel, your bent head
Scanning the snatched pages until the sad
Or fortunate news is read. . . .

"There is nothing to do with a day except to live it": that's where this poem is headed, and it rings true. And note the bran-flakes and the driveway gravel, the very stuff, many still think, of the unpoetic. It's much to be so comfortably free of the notion that only moons, stars, and seas are worthy of mention.

And yet for all its deftness it's unambitious verse: verse unpropelled by any such radical originality as that of Wilbur's countryman William Carlos Williams, who for all you could tell from reading through this large collection might as well not have existed or paid heed to that broken green bottle in a cinder-heap, that red wheelbarrow glazed with rain water, those blighted scraggly bushes in March. For poetry and the details of everydayness in fact resumed housekeeping a long generation ago. The condition was that poetry give up boozing, and accept a vocation of fierce honesty.

Richard Wilbur is content with a less contentious liaison, between the quotidian and the graceful performance. He'll not disgrace his new office and it won't disgrace him. Whether pouring the White House cereal becomes Barbara's lot or Kitty's, he'll be just the man to be taking decorous notice. □

TWILIGHT OF THE IDOL

Ralph de Toledano

The Selected Letters of Richard Wagner, translated and edited by Stewart Spencer and Barry Millington (Norton, 1,030 pp., $35)

IT IS A critical truism that Richard Wagner's influence far exceeded the worth of his music. As a composer he was long-winded, pretentious, and overblown; his "contributions" to the art were for the most part extensions of earlier musical developments. True, he has provided steady employment for busty sopranos and muscle-bound heldentenors—but the product itself tends to be on a par with German cooking. That thousands have worshipped at his shrine, both musical and ideological, is a fact—but, then, look at rock 'n' roll.

These worshippers will hail, as if it were a new edition of Pauline epistles, still another rendering of Richard Wagner's letters. But the Wagnerites, if they read this compendium rather than simply drape it in bunting, may be in for some surprises. For this new translation—clean, scholarly, and readable—by Stewart Spencer and Barry Millington presents us with a view of the Hero that hardly befits his shrine.

The question of Wagner's musical competence and value has, of course, been endlessly debated—with Hector Berlioz's confrontation of the Wagnerites among the best. The influence of his political and philosophical "thought" is a matter of record and was apotheosized in Hitler and the Nazi mystique. His vulgarization of Nietzsche has given many people a rear-end view of that misapprehended philosopher. His historical apperceptions were childish, pompous, and distorted—and the sword of Teutonism that he fumblingly brandished was dull on both edges.

Verdi's letters are a delight. They reflect a creative but down-to-earth nature attempting to cope with frabjous singers, grasping managers, and a need to keep an eye on both the score and the cashbox. Mozart's letters offer insights into his music and the labors of composition. Wagner's letters are full of pusillanimous flattery for those who can help him, backbiting for others, a massaging of his divine afflatus, and a perpetual adolescent tear because he is not properly appreciated as the greatest musical soul in history. There is, as well, an endless series of comments and observations on life, manners, philosophy, and politics—derived from the most turgid recesses of the Prussian psyche.

The psychological basis for his gutter anti-Semitism can be explained by a fear that haunted him—a suspicion that his Jewish stepfather was really his natural parent. And it is easy to smile at the hypocrisy in a letter to Franz Liszt: "Send me the money, even if it comes from the most Jewish

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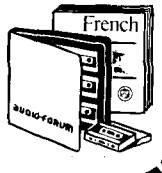

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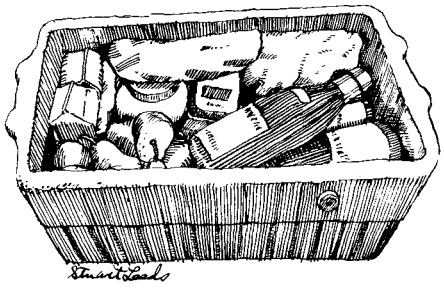
of Jews." On the one hand, we see Wagner writing to Angelo Neumann as "my dear friend and benefactor"—Neumann was a Jew but he was producing Wagner's operas and paying him a hefty 10 per cent of gross profits—and on the other writing a typical *Teppich fress* to King Ludwig of Bavaria: "I consider the Jewish race the born enemy of pure humanity and all that is noble in man: there is no doubt but that we Germans especially will be destroyed by them, and I may well be the last remaining German who, as an artist, has known how to hold his ground in the face of a Judaism that is now all powerful."

But it was not only the Jews who loomed in his zero-zero vision as destroyers of both himself and that extension of himself as he saw it, all of Germany. "I see my 'Germany' perish—forever!" he wrote King Ludwig, referring to that "Gallic intriguer," Napoleon III. "To what avail shall my life have been, to what avail my work and creativity? To what avail the godlike love of my dear redeemer [Ludwig], who has rescued me and my works for the world? My artistic ideal stands and falls with Germany, just as my works will live or die with her."

He was not even faithful to his Teutonic paganism. Writing to Liszt, he deplored the takeover of Christianity by "narrow-minded Judaism" and argued that on the basis of "modern" scholarship it could be averred that "pure, uncontaminated Christianity is no more and no less than a branch of that venerable Buddhist religion . . . In early Christianity we can still see clear traces of a total denial of the will to live, and a longing for the end of the world, i.e., the cessation of life." This bears a curious relationship to the words of the terrorist in Conrad's *The Secret Agent*, "calling for death enlisted for good and all in the service of humanity."

There are, in all, five hundred letters in this collection—a book running to more than a thousand pages. They add little to our knowledge of Wagner's creative process or to our understanding of his music. They do, however, tell us quite a lot about Richard Wagner, the man. None of it is pretty. □



THE GIMLET EYE

TRUE ROMANCE AT 65

D. Keith Mano

SHE'S AS commonplace as a lampshade finial. (THE BOYFRIEND I LOVED SO MUCH . . . NOW I JUST WANT HIM OUT OF MY LIFE.) She lives, quite invariably, in a small town. Of late she has been working part-time for her dentist or at the Main Street nail salon. (WHISPERED LIES . . . WHY DID I BELIEVE THEM?) Her husband—he sells for Amway—proposed just after their high-school graduation. They have a mortgage now and at least two children. (I MADE BELIEVE I WASN'T MARRIED . . . AND TOO MANY MEN BELIEVED ME.) Her self-image may be snake low: by a worldly standard she is neither attractive nor bright nor thin enough. (I'LL STAND BY YOU . . . WAS IT FOR LOVE OR OUT OF GUILT?) And, yes, she has been reading *True Romance*, cover to cover, since adolescence, 116 minutes per issue.

She doesn't read it for the sex: there is no explicit sex in *True Romance*. (Well, there is no implicit sex either—unless you consider pregnancy suggestive.) Despite an occasional advertisement for discreet sex equipment or Big Bosom Tablets, urban permissiveness is contemned. The first-person protagonist in *True Romance* won't husband-swap, nor will she abort if she can help it. She is your benchmark social conservative. These women love romance, but they *never romanticize*. Men in the text may be rather more attractive than you'd comfortably credit, but there are no stories about meeting David Bowie or some guy with his own Quotron. The *True Romance* heroine wouldn't want to write a novel or vacation in Paris. True here means, above all, realistic. The magazine should be called *Plausible Lower-Middle-Class Love*.

Bernarr McFadden thought up *True Romance* in 1923: it is still published along with the flagship book, *True Story*, by McFadden Holdings, Inc. McFadden was an amiable sort of crank: one would like to derive the word "fad" from his name. Among other mcfads, he invented health food as a concept, made strenuous exercise and pulp love profitable, and came up with "Cosmotorianism," known as the "happiness religion." The former *True Romance* editor, Patricia Byrdsong, told me, "His idea was to have women talk to other women about their lives. The high point was maybe thirty years ago. But we're seeing a renewed interest in romance. Women's clothing—four years ago there were shoulder pads, squared. Now they're softer. Your average bride will spend $13,000 on her wedding." The McFadden romance group (there are seven magazines altogether, including *True Love* and *True Confessions*) still has an aggregate circulation of over three million.

Western civilization, Miss Byrdsong felt, had acclimated women to romance. "Teenage books for girls are romance books. I was geared in that manner. I would ask our librarian to suggest a book, and she would immediately give me a romance." It isn't, mind you, that one gender or the other has more narrative imagination. Women, for instance, don't tend to coin elaborate fantasies during the sex act. Men, by contrast, do. But our culture, even today, requires women to be passive in the social round. By that I mean: they wait a great deal. Where men are expected to overcome their fear of rejection and initiate relationships, women reside in long uncertainty. During that time, maybe as sub-magical act, the woman may concoct scenarios that decorate and make tolerable her suspense. Romance is, first and foremost, projection and a way of inducing love. Men use fantasy to escape the real. Women use it to make the real—or what they hope will be real—appear.

But there is no predictable formula in *True Romance*: no Gothic mansion, no Rochester's mad wife lurching through an attic crawl-space. Realism is the ambient element here: an alcoholic husband, spendthrift wife, dead lover, whatever. In fact (and quite to my amazement), text and subject matter are, indeed, provided by the readership. "We're dependent on what we get each month," Miss Byrdsong said,

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pointing to her squat pile of manila envelopes. "Maybe half these are what you'd call semi-professional. The other half is first-time writers." (Last time, too, I'd think—they get three cents per word.) Rewriting, of course, is inevitable: that first-person humdrum style couldn't be coincidental. The *True Romance* writer has trouble, in particular, with her pay-off. "Often people would rather not tell you that their story didn't end well." It must take courage, I think, to sit down in Raccoon Gap or Euphoria and write about a homely disaster: the laid-off husband, unfaithful lover, miscarried child. And yet women have done so—for 65 years—often enough to populate a magazine each month.

Misery, it may be adduced with confidence, is fond of company. Such suffering, though, can instruct as well as titillate: through the shared experience in *True Romance*, a certain

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ALTHOUGH FOR the past several years I have found myself putting the word "conservative," when applied to the Reagan Administration, between mental quotation marks, I admit to finding grounds for partially renewed confidence in the accomplishments of that Administration in *The Reagan Legacy: Promise and Performance* (Chatham House, Box 1, Chatham, N.J. 07928; $25), edited by Charles O. Jones. In these ten articles, I believe—and particularly in Aaron Wildavsky's concluding piece—is likely to be found the strongest and most complete defense of the Reagan agenda and performance that will—and can—ever be made.

The theme most prevalent in this collection is that, whatever else the President may have accomplished, he has forced American politicians to define themselves by reference to where they stand in relationship to himself. Or, as James W. Ceaser put it, "it is clear that Reagan has succeeded for the moment in making his program the 'base' of American political discourse." In fact, Jones attributes the Administration's loss of momentum to its earliest successes, when, in 1981, the President took advantage of favorable conditions to produce rapid and deeply cutting changes in American policy. "The next President and Congress," Jones concludes, "cannot easily escape the Reagan legacy. They may be able to manage it better without him, however. Presidents who achieve policy breakthroughs are not the best ones to control the subsequent effects."

In his superb essay, Wildavsky knocks the point home with stunning effect: "If Mondale was so smart and Reagan so dumb, why did the Democrats campaign on Republican issues [in 1984]? . . . The sheer brilliance of getting the opposing candidate to adopt your major theme of limited government through a born-again commitment to budget balance, while using the current imbalance as the only effective ceiling on spending the nation has known for half a century, has blinded Democrats to the policy genius of Ronald Reagan." It is interesting to note in Professor Wildavsky's remarks an argument congruent with Senator Moynihan's charge that Ronald Reagan deliberately inflated the federal deficit to $1 trillion in order to torpedo the welfare state: an argument that rises to the sublimest heights of political speculation when it suggests that "if . . . Reagan's successor is a Republican who continues to starve liberal Democrats of [the] revenue [of which their political capital entirely consists], the Democratic Party may well self-destruct." If such is in fact even a remote possibility, the weight of centuries lies upon the stooped, grey shoulders of George Herbert Walker Bush.

But of course the future is hostage to more than the abilities of a single man: there is the institutional factor to be considered as well. Paul Allen Beck argues that President Reagan has brought the Republican Party up to, but not over, the brink of realignment. This he accomplished by uniting social and economic conservatives with Republican moderates in presidential politics, at which level he was able to construct a winning coalition. However, Beck believes, it is unlikely that the party will soon find another leader possessing Reagan's notable abilities in this line: and so he concludes, "At this time, these prospects do not seem too bright. . . . the best bet for now is that potential pro-Republican realignment will remain incomplete and that the dealignment-style politics that have characterized the past twenty years will continue."

I. M. Destler offers a most interesting assessment of the much-debated question concerning the President's perceived shift from a rightist to something that looks at times very much like a centrist position. According to Destler, over his first seven years,

> Ronald Reagan *did* move to the center. So did his predecessors. Yet on several very important issues where he was deeply and personally committed, [he] hung tough. He stood fast on the budget, . . . on strategic-arms control, and particularly his Strategic Defense Initiative. . . . His stubbornness mattered. By holding to his positions on these issues, Ronald Reagan changed the position of the United States in the world, leaving it significantly different from the way he found it. . . . Ronald Reagan has certainly been a pragmatist, but the goals to which he has proved most committed have typically *not* been centrist.

And David M. O'Brien makes the point that "Reagan's Administration had a more coherent and ambitious agenda for legal reform and judicial selection than any previous Administration"; and that, owing to its appointment of three Supreme Court Justices and nearly half of all lower-court judges, that agenda has been largely realized.

The summing up, however, is left to Aaron Wildavsky:

> Reagan . . . has provided policy guidance . . . to coordinate far-flung efforts of his Administration. He has integrated his personality with his political positions and his administrative style. He has altered expectations, at least in domestic policy, from government as the intervenor of first resort to intervenor of last resort so as to suit his policy preferences. No other postwar President redirected both domestic and foreign policy in his desired direction while gaining re-election and keeping his party united.

Win or lose in November, the Democrats have nothing even remotely comparable to this legacy to boast of, and they know it. □

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portion of our culture receives both support and encouragement. Women we encounter here are not aggressive. Most have become lovelorn and disappointed because they place unnecessary obstacles in their own way. They are wholly without self-esteem. "Boring. My life was boring. Average was the word for our family. I seemed to melt into a crowd." The amount of yearning out there is terrific. *True Romance*, I find, has a responsible approach to this constituency. If the confessional tales don't end with happiness, there is at least some moving along, some sensible resignation. Women are comforted and taught. In a rural environment *True Romance* may be their one available therapeutic resource.

These people, it should go without saying, respect parent, nation, hard work, faith. But, more than that, their hopefulness, their romantic disposition, implies a basic optimism about existence. They accept what has been given them, even when that is apparently inadequate. They have the gratefulness for life that Joe Sobran has singled out as central to a conservative attitude. They do not often assess blame: they hold themselves accountable. Very different from that other class, for whom the one romantic finish would be a thorough withering away of capitalism. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Lindbergh Case, by Jim Fisher (Rutgers, 480 pp., $22.95)

FOR DECADES, the received account of the Lindbergh kidnapping went largely undisputed. In outline, Bruno Richard Hauptmann kidnapped the Lindbergh baby. The ladder broke while he was carrying the boy down from the nursery—Hauptmann sprained his ankle in the fall, and the baby's skull was fractured, probably against a window ledge. Almost certainly, Hauptmann would have killed the baby anyway. He ripped the outer garment off the still-warm corpse as a prop for his ransom demands. Then he dug a hole in the mud of Hopewell, New Jersey, and pushed the baby into it, face down. In recent books, Anthony Scaduto and Ludovic Kennedy have made strong arguments against this case.

Now Mr. Fisher has written the definitive book refuting those arguments. The evidence against Hauptmann was overwhelming: He had the identifiable ransom bills. The wood for a piece of the ladder came from a floorboard in his attic. Many people identified him as passing the bills. He had the phone number of the famous "Jafsie"—a Fordham professor and go-between—written in his closet. Right after the ransom was paid, Hauptmann, a poor carpenter, went into the stock market, and sent his wife on a visit to Germany. The IRS calculated his worth at over $40,000. Colonel Lindbergh had handed over $50,000. Guilty as hell. His widow, Anna, still alive, refuses to believe that "my Richard" could have done it. It seems there was a Bruno Richard Hauptmann whom Anna Hauptmann never knew. One problem does remain. Professor Fisher does not clear up the issue of whether Hauptmann was working as a carpenter at the Majestic Hotel in Manhattan on March 1, 1932, the day of the kidnapping. Scaduto purports to show that the worksheets had been altered to indicate that Hauptmann was not there on that day: if he was in fact there, he could not have been in Hopewell, New Jersey. Still, Professor Fisher is right, and so was the jury.

JEFFREY HART

Writing Nature: Henry Thoreau's Journal, by Sharon Cameron (Oxford, 186 pp., $22.50)

SHARON CAMERON, as the author of a notable study of Emily Dickinson, *Lyric Time*, has recognized in the *Journal* of Henry D. Thoreau the same high order of American originality. As with Emily Dickinson—whose poems, until Thomas H. Johnson's variorum edition was published in 1955, we had only known in the gussied-up versions produced by her earliest editors—so it is with Thoreau: it is only now that we have the new edition begun by Princeton University and currently continued by the University of California at Santa Barbara that we can begin to recognize the full genius and autonomy of what was, literally speaking, Thoreau's lifework. Sharon Cameron has already disturbed a few minor critics by suggesting that even the classic *Walden* was in fact a prelude to the work of the *Journal*. The *Journal* was, as Professor Cameron says, "his central literary enterprise"; she demonstrates the case for this obvious but still resisted claim in a number of specific and convincing ways. Perhaps the most telling of these arguments is the one that explores, or even disrupts, the general notion we have of writing as something strictly limited to the idea of public discourse. In fact, the private genius of the *Journal* gives us a more authentic Thoreau than the one we so readily acknowledge in the books he intended for publication during his lifetime. In only 154 pages of text, a professor of English at Johns Hopkins University has given us a complete gem of book.

THOMAS P. MCDONNELL

Prescription for Disaster: From the Glory of Apollo to the Betrayal of the Shuttle, by Joseph Trento (Crown, 320 pp., $18.95)

THE AUTHOR'S premise is that the destruction of the space shuttle *Challenger* "is not a story of technological failure—it is a story of political failure," and he makes this point over and over in this angry, sometimes biased, often depressing, and very important book. It is the story of a vision, and how, for over thirty years, that vision was attenuated, compromised, and then effectively destroyed. As the author (a television commentator and producer) shows, our country lacked (and still lacks) an overall grand strategy for space; hence the

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space program was bumped along from Administration to Administration like a precocious but unloved orphan. Some Presidents were sympathetic (Kennedy, Ford); others (Nixon, Carter) were indifferent or hostile. But, as Trento points out, nobody in the Oval Office ever really understood the importance of space. All the Presidents had nice words for NASA, but behind the scenes the record is full of budget cuts, sellouts, and (especially in the later years) the sacrifice of quality and safety and expediency. NASA actually abolished its long-range-planning office in 1966 "to reduce chances of NASA becoming a target for budget cuts." There are other horror stories as well. Walter Mondale is quoted as telling NASA officials (after the fire that killed three Apollo astronauts), "I intend to ride this for every nickel's worth of political power I can get out of it. I don't give a hoot in hell about the space program or about your future." Right now, a Soviet space station is alive and well and in orbit, and the Soviet space program as a whole is far ahead of ours—and pulling away. If anyone doubts that NASA is moribund and that a privatized, free-enterprise space program is the best hope for any American presence in space, he should read this bitter and well-documented account.

JACK D. KIRWAN

Essays on Woman, by Edith Stein (Institute of Carmelite Studies, 300 pp., $7.95)

IF THERE is one thing factionalized Catholic women need today, it is some astounding revelation that will serve to unite them. If Edith Stein can bring us even to the threshold of such a miracle, she will prove herself a saint indeed. And she may have begun that process with this volume. It holds such brilliant insights into the meaning of woman, the essential qualities of her being which serve either to civilize society or destroy it, that it may raise those not already committed to feministic dogma or fundamentalism to a creative response to the questions that the women's movement has legitimately raised. Though fifty years have passed since Edith Stein wrote on women's lot and laid out her theories of feminine education, she is as fully cognizant of feminist grievances as Gloria Steinem and Rosemary Radford Ruether. In many instances she agrees with them: ". . . the relationship of the sexes since the Fall has become a brutal relationship of master and slave. Consequently, woman's natural gifts and their best possible development are no longer considered; rather, man uses her as a means to achieve his own ends in the exercise of his work or in pacifying his own lust." Recognizing the problem, however, is always easy. It is finding a solution that is difficult. Edith Stein begins by analyzing, with critical reverence, the usual Scripture texts on woman, from Genesis to St. Paul's letters; she finds their relevance to modern woman's dilemma, and she lays out a path for women that takes the Scriptures' consistent philosophy into serious account. In doing this, she isn't always sure that St. Paul reflected his Master's values in regard to woman, rather sometimes reverting to the Jewish code. Yet she affirms what Paul affirmed, that woman has a specific, essential role in the Christian community which does not include its leadership. This, not because of some inherent flaw, but, rather, because she alone exemplifies the one criterion Jesus gave for discernment of those belonging to him, "You will know them by their fruits." Her fruitfulness, and all that clusters around it, makes her "*the* person who was permitted to help establish God's new kingdom." For this very reason she cannot be the leader in a faith that elevates the servant, the submissive one. Edith Stein challenges our values, and offers the needed meeting place for thoughtful women.

NANCY M. CROSS

RUSHER

(Continued from page 32)

Americans cast their ballots for Republican and Democratic candidates for that body. The Senate, as the past decade has demonstrated, is a far less predictable matter.

But in the great quadrennial presidential contests, in which the largest number of Americans vote and which present the clearest-cut choice over the whole range of national issues, the past two decades have demonstrated the powerful and persistent sway of the impressive coalition of Americans who have chosen to make the Republican Party their base. They are people who understand that, in order to remain free and deal effectively with both its domestic problems and its foreign enemies, America must be strong, both morally and militarily; who know, moreover, that military strength must be based on economic strength—and that this, in turn, is the product of the energies of free men and women, not of bureaucracies, regulations, or subsidies. They will know how to assess a party that slyly fails even to mention the word "taxes" in its platform, and that tries, all too belatedly and mechanically, to identify itself with "family values" by parading its leaders' progeny on national television.

As long as the Republican Party remains loyal to the conservative social and economic principles that have led it to victory, the great coalition forged through dedication to those principles will remain loyal to it. □

BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 34)

mon purposes. In that way it becomes more a friend than an oppressor, though its latent appetite for aggression will never, can never, diminish: it is the state's, *eo ipso*. As a conservative, I am the enemy of that state against the excesses of which Madison and Jefferson and Adams—and Mencken—warned. But that presumptive hostility is tempered by a recognition that the state bears responsibilities only it can execute. To invest power in such a creature, it must be done by those who are properly suspicious of its inherent tendency to gigantism.

If we lived in a world whose political vehicles were better tuned to what exactly we need—a political party (speaking of the GOP) in so many ways different from that which now claims our loyalty—we could be daintier in the matter of allocating our loyalties. But as between alternatives, there can be no doubt in which direction to go.

It is in the interest of the United States to elect George Bush President, and to vote the Republican ticket. □

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

USUALLY HANDSOME, always artistic young man (34), stuck in S.W. Ohio, who revels in Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Grusin, James, F. Schaeffer, Neuhaus, *Calvin & Hobbes*, films, Nautilus, nature, and (with a little luck) one bright-eyed, physically fit, romantic girl (24–42). DeWayne, Box 8471, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

LOS ANGELES: attractive, charming, witty, green-eyed brunette, Irish-born American. Interests include theater, travel, politics, art, writing. Seeks conservative, intelligent gentleman, with sense of humor, 45 years or older. NR Box 6089.

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SINCERE, PROFESSIONAL MALE: 27, quite handsome, never married, 5'5", with slender build, in excellent health. Enjoys reading, intelligent conversation, traveling, sunsets with wine, and the arts. Seeks similar, pretty, slender, cultured, professional woman for a sharing, lasting, one-to-one relationship. New York City, northern-New Jersey area. Please include photo. Write NR Box 6087.

PILOT, FARMER-RANCHER, 39, 5'11", 175 lbs., B.S., WASP, healthy, and not bad looking: seeking the one and only to share life's ups and downs and rear a family in a rural setting. Interests include my livelihood, politics, economics, religion, good company, and the world we live in. Only if you are genuinely honest and sincere, please reply to: Joe, Route 1, Box 53, Manchester, Okla. 73758.

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ARE YOU A BETTING MAN?

NEW YORK, AUG. 5

WICK: It doesn't look good. Seventeen points is seventeen points and there's no magic way Bush can wipe out that kind of lead.

VAN: Aw, come off it. It's all Democratic hype. You get a hundred hours of television or whatever it was with everybody yacking about how wonderful it's going to be under Dukakis and how awful everything is under Reagan, and what do you expect the polls to show?

JACK: Something better. Remember, during the Democratic convention in 1976 all three networks showed the keynoter, and Channel 11 showed *Casablanca* for the 17th time, and the rating for *Casablanca* was greater than for all the three networks combined. So you can't just figure it's the TV-watchers who are giving Dukakis that kind of lead.

VAN: But in 1976 it was either watch *Casablanca* or listen to John Glenn. He wasn't landing on the moon when he gave that speech. It was a snore-maker.

WICK: Well, Ann Richards kept them awake, even though she didn't say anything. And the crack about the silver foot in the mouth is about as old as, That was no lady, that was my wife. The point is: the polls show that the American public is divided about 55 Dukakis, 38 Bush, and there's no way you can turn that around with a few hours of TV.

JACK: I've always thought negative TV is more effective than positive TV. I mean, it was the events in Chicago in 1968 that gave the Republicans a 15-point lead after a Democratic convention. But I don't see how a we've-never-had-it-so-good convention can shoot down that Democratic lead.

VAN: Listen. Think of it as four events. The first will be the keynoter by Governor Kean. The Democrats are afraid of him. No way they can accuse him of neglecting the minorities—he's got 60 per cent of the black vote in New Jersey. Then he's a hell of a persuasive orator, young, good-looking, voice-of-the-future-GOP sort of thing. After Kean's keynoter, people will start wondering.

WICK: Then?

VAN: Then you get The Man. Reagan comes in. Valedictory performance. Now, Reagan is a calm *numero* all right, and doesn't get excited by a whole lot. But he's a very competitive politician. And he's sat around now for a few weeks getting it on the chin from the Democratic orators. He's going to stand up there and remember he's still the Great Communicator. He's going to say to them, Look, you want what you had one more time? The last time you had yourself a Democratic President you had inflation of 13 per cent, interest rates of 21 per cent, a negative growth rate, and two points greater unemployment than you have right now.

WICK: How's he going to handle the deficit?

VAN: Oh, he'll say it's too high. But he'll say it's lower than that of any country in Western Europe except Germany as a percentage of our GNP. Lower than Japan's, even. He's going to point out that our GNP has doubled since he became President, so that the deficit is about the same as when he went into office, viewed as a percentage of the GNP. He's going to say that the Soviet Union still gives us a lot to worry about but we've turned the Defense Department around and people aren't going to screw with us if we stay on course. He's going to quote production figures—higher than ever. And then he'll give it to Bush.

WICK: The way he did when he first came out for Bush? Anemic stuff.

VAN: No. He'll say that Bush represents the change the country has fought for during the past eight years. To say no to Bush and the Republican Party in 1988 is to say yes to the people who gave us the mess in the late Seventies. He'll make a couple of references to Dukakis and foreign affairs. Might even wonder out loud if Dukakis could find Afghanistan on the map. He'll then say that every time he needed help and counsel when he made his important decisions, Bush was there with good advice and encouragement.

JACK: Will he say Bush was there when he thought up the Iran hostage deal?

VAN: Ha ha. But watch this: he'll say something about Bush and that deal and something that will let Bush out of the confidentiality trap. He'll say Bush was there, Bush didn't think it would work, but did agree that some approach to more moderate elements in Iran was a good idea, and maybe, who knows, that's paying off now with the Iranians cooling on the war. Then the announcement of who Bush wants for Vice President. Lots of excitement, when that happens. And the choice is going to surprise a lot of people. And then, the last night, you'll get two speeches, and one of them is going to be a surprise.

WICK: Bush?

VAN: He's going to come on strong. After all, Dukakis did. And remember Gerald Ford in 1976? Sounded like Demosthenes. Wanna take a bet on what the polls will be saying one week after the convention?

WICK: The lead will reduce, but only by about half. Dukakis will be ahead eight points the last week in August. What are you betting?

VAN: Dead even. Jack?

JACK: Dead even.

WICK: Money?

JACK: Ten bucks.

VAN: Make that twenty bucks. Per point you're off. If they're even, you owe me a hundred and forty bucks. You can give me a note. Who's against deficit financing anyway? □

DAY ONE

NEW YORK, JULY 20

TO SWING with a convention requires that you submit yourself to the beckonings of surrealism, even as you are required to do when visiting a hypnotist. "You do believe, Josephine, that you are entering another world, that your arms are weightless, that your body is floating among the clouds . . ." "Yes, Doctor." Thus at the Democratic convention on opening night we hear John Chancellor saying things like, "Many of these Jackson delegates feel very strongly about Palestinian rights." If you can believe that, you are ready to visit your local hypnotist.

Now, say what you will about the virtues of positive as distinguished from negative campaigning, Ms. Ann Richards of Texas certainly proved the case for the negative, at which she was superb. When taking the positive line against the Republicans, she sounded like a political jukebox programmed by a cliché factory. When she talked about George Bush, she did so in

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splendid derogatory style. There's something about an accent, just a little bit foreign, that goes with the sarcastic mode. Ms. Richards was well aware of this when she began by twanging that she was going to instruct the audience in what a "real Texas accent" sounded like. SCORE ONE: George Bush is not a real Texan. By the way, Texans are a little bit that way about Texan breeding. I say this as a son of a Texan never entirely forgiven for having left the state. Not many people decline to think of Ronald Reagan as a Californian. Well, he was about the same age when he traveled to California from Illinois as Bush was when he traveled to Texas from Connecticut.

But the lady was on a roll, and no crowd ever adored Bette Midler more than this one adored Ann Richards. The country must say no to George Bush, "now that he's after a job that he can't get appointed to." SCORE TWO: A nice crack, and it was not evident anywhere that the Jackson delegates took offense, though their candidate was asking for a job notwithstanding that he had never been elected or appointed to any job ever.

And then Ms. Richards suggested that George Bush's discovery of the anti-drug cause and of others were eye-openers for him. "Poor George. He can't help it. He was born with a silver foot in his mouth." SCORE THREE: You hit a Republican because he was born in affluence: a political birthmark difficult to recover from unless the Republican absolves himself from this delinquency by becoming a Democrat or a socialist. One recalls the elections in 1958, in which three scions of great wealth were running for office in the state of New York—Nelson Rockefeller pushing the Republicans to the left, Averell Harriman pushing the Democrats to the left, and Corliss Lamont pushing the Communists to the left. They had taken care of the silver-spoon problem.

AH, BUT THEN the lady became serious, and it was as if Jean-Pierre Rampal had put down his flute and picked up a bass drum. Examine the flatness of "for eight straight years, George Bush hasn't displayed the slightest interest in anything we care about." A statement so empty as to evaporate. The Vice President is in office primarily to support and help to popularize the policies of a President, in this case a President—twice voted for by the citizens of Texas—who has addressed problems varying from freedom of the seas in the Persian Gulf, to school prayer. If it is true that Bush has not addressed problems that concern Ms. Richards, then the inquiring mind wonders just what problems Ms. Richards is obsessed by.

The speaker all but said—in some cases did suggest—that the Republicans plan to repeal research into AIDS, to banish the farmers (to whom the Reagan Administration has been paying $25 billion a year), to extinguish local manufacturing by encouraging a "flood" of imports, to end public education, repeal Social Security, and what? Reinstitute the colonial tradition of the scarlet letter for the adulteress?

One had the feeling—I for the first time—that maybe there is no way George Bush can lose this election. Bette Midler at Atlanta got a lot of laughs and a lot of applause, and convinced the thoughtful viewer that she had nothing, but nothing, to say. □

DUKAKIS, AT LAST

NEW YORK, JULY 22

MR. DUKAKIS did nothing, in his acceptance speech, to damage his reputation. He is not an orator. (So what? Neither was Lincoln.) He hewed a careful line designed not to alarm Americans of normal blood pressure (he said nothing about higher taxes or slashed defense expenditures). It is not unsafe to say that what he said was: well, nothing.

The problems faced by Dukakis were presaged by Jesse Jackson, who proved he is the most effective orator alive in the United States, whose problem however is that he doesn't really have a complaint that the Democratic Party can do anything about. What is a Dukakis Administration supposed to do about illegitimacy or drug-taking in the ghettos? Or about schoolchildren who spend more time watching television than tackling geometry? And we had a view of Senator Bentsen, and what was the one complaint that stood out when he spoke? The "thousands" who are suffering in Texas and Louisiana and Oklahoma from low oil prices. He was careful not to say what inevitably follows from this complaint, namely that we should all lament the breakdown of the OPEC cartel's ability to drive the price of oil up to $40 per barrel. He did not invite his audience to rue the reduction of the price of a gallon of gasoline from $2.50 to a dollar. Are we really supposed to be angry with Reagan because Saudi Arabia and Iran were unsuccessful in maintaining the price of oil at the OPEC level?

It was all in sharp contrast to the events in San Francisco four years ago—Reagan was strangely absent. In 1984, senior Democratic advisor Robert Strauss begged Walter Mondale and Geraldine Ferraro please please not to speak of Ronald Reagan as though he were a Juan Perón who had staged a constitutional coup d'état. The Duke was careful this time around. Unlike Geraldine Ferraro, who proclaimed the day after being selected as the vice-presidential candidate that Reagan was not a satisfactory Christian, Dukakis said practically nothing about Reagan or indeed about his policies. It is clearly a corporate Democratic decision, this time around, not to inveigh against Reagan. The idea needs to be, instead, that somehow, under a Democratic Administration, things would be better all around. The Democrats have nothing else to retail to the voter but this. In search of a concrete case against the Reagan Administration they are driven to the rhetorical extreme of—a petulant nothingness.

Mr. Dukakis, touching on foreign policy, was never more clearly the example of a driver leading the racing pack preparing for the Indianapolis 500 who hadn't got around to getting a driving license. His entire analysis of the problem of a fresh Soviet salient in Latin America was to say that the Sandinistas are less of a threat than drugs. Concentration on the meaning of what he said was difficult, given that the delegates cheered him at the end of every sentence. If he had said that the sun would rise tomorrow, they would have given him a standing ovation. But political acceptance speeches, when they reach as successfully as Mr. Dukakis's did for utter vapidity, do not highlight analysis. They are merely a rhetorical *basso sostenuto* for applause—for that factionalism that the *Federalist Papers* warned us against. The reason for voting out Republican Administrations is to vote in Democratic Administrations. Dukakis gave us no other motive for taking that step.

HE CAME IN with a few furbelows. Three times he showed that he could speak Spanish. The camera flashed to demonstrators with placards that read, "Speaking only in English is un-American." We must assume that, in 1992, the Democratic contender will say a few words in Vietnamese. It is not predictable when, in the future, a Democratic contender will utter a few words in English of the kind Cicero would have applauded.

Roger Rosenblatt, speaking on CBS, observed with his penetrating idiom that what we tend to get in our political conventions is a kind of "dog whistle which means that people are restless and want a change." Everybody wants a change every now and then, which is why from time to time I board a little sailing boat and live, briefly, a very different life from that of getting and spending. But the change Dukakis wants is a change from a modest advance, under Reagan, against the assignment of every problem of every human being into a Federal Department of Care. And care needs now to be absorbed and, dutifully, excreted—the pabulum of Messrs. Jackson, Dukakis, and Bentsen. Prescription drugs will not be necessary to affect their spirit. Just a breath of fresh air, and a little wholesome thought. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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R. BAKER TO NY COELHO [redacted] "OL YELLER"

TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. A Democratic coalition
49 16 150 172 118 77 95

B. Flasher's favorite suit?
147 156 96 58 10 174 25 41

C. What Chamberlain offered at Munich
131 21 34 47 171 92 183 106 4 102
63

D. Nepalese capital
75 54 9 107 155 70 173 144

E. Important November day
135 184 15 110 68 146 33 82

F. Kind of heir Bush is to Reagan?
26 148 37 167 83 2 133 180

G. Double-dealt (hyph.)
99 42 57 160 177 129 108 145

H. Timely
182 24 115 168 5 151 67 50 93

I. Tennessee capital
N A S H V I L L E
123 27 12 84 90 162 113 74 130

J. Full of vim and vigor
152 61 73 166 32 20 119 7

K. Scorched a T-bone
120 76 48 134 163 13 94

L. Carlucci's arena, plus three
105 176 28 59 71 142 80

M. French delicacy
175 55 104 1 17 154 66 164

N. Dukakis's true belief
100 111 178 87 141 6 149 81 18 53

O. Artillery piece
185 11 126 52 38 139 85 22

P. Surpasses
186 44 117 158 56 29 36 97 128

Q. Let George take it—next January
43 124 159 161

R. Riant
8 137 62 103 39 91 157 78

S. Cancún's locale
14 169 181 143 60 116 125

T. Bookkeeper's former headgear
89 165 40 114 51 127 136 23

U. A facial feature
45 79 170 65 179 98

V. When the fashionable arrive
88 112 138 35 132 72

W. Distinguishing character
140 86 121 30 64

X. A-bomb product
109 122 46 69 153 3 101 19 31

1 M	2 F	3 X	4 C	5 H		6 N	7 J	8 R		9 D	10 B	11 O	12 I S	13 K		14 S	15 E	16 A	17 M
18 N		19 X	20 J		21 C	22 O	23 T	24 H	25 B	26 F	27 I A	28 L	29 P	30 W	31 X		32 J	33 E	34 C
35 V	36 P	37 F G		38 O	39 R	40 T	41 B		42 G	43 Q	44 P	45 U	46 X		47 C	48 K	49 A	50 H	
51 T	52 O	53 N		54 D		55 M	56 T	57 G	58 B		59 L	60 S		61 J	62 R	63 C	64 W S	65 U	66 M
67 H	68 E T	69 X	70 D N	71 L		72 V	73 J	74 I L	75 D		76 K	77 A	78 R	79 U	80 L		81 N	82 E	
83 F T	84 I H	85 O		86 W T	87 N	88 V	89 T	90 I V	91 R	92 C	93 H	94 K		95 A	96 B R	97 P	98 U	99 G T	100N L
101X	102C	103R		104M	105L	106C	107D	108G	109X	110E	111N	112V	113I L	114T		115H	116S	117P	
118A	119J	120K	121W	122X	123I N	124Q	125S		126O	127T	128P		129G	130I E	131C	132V	133F	134K	135E
136T		137R	138V		139O	140W	141N	142L		143S	144D	145G	146E	147B	148F	149N	150A	151H T	152J
	153X	154M	155D	156B	157R	158P	159Q		160G	161Q	162I I	163K	164M	165T		166J	167F H	168H	169S
170U	171C	172A N	173D		174B	175M	176L	177G	178N	179U	180F L		181S	182H	183C	184E	185O	186P	

DIRECTIONS

Should be P

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 54 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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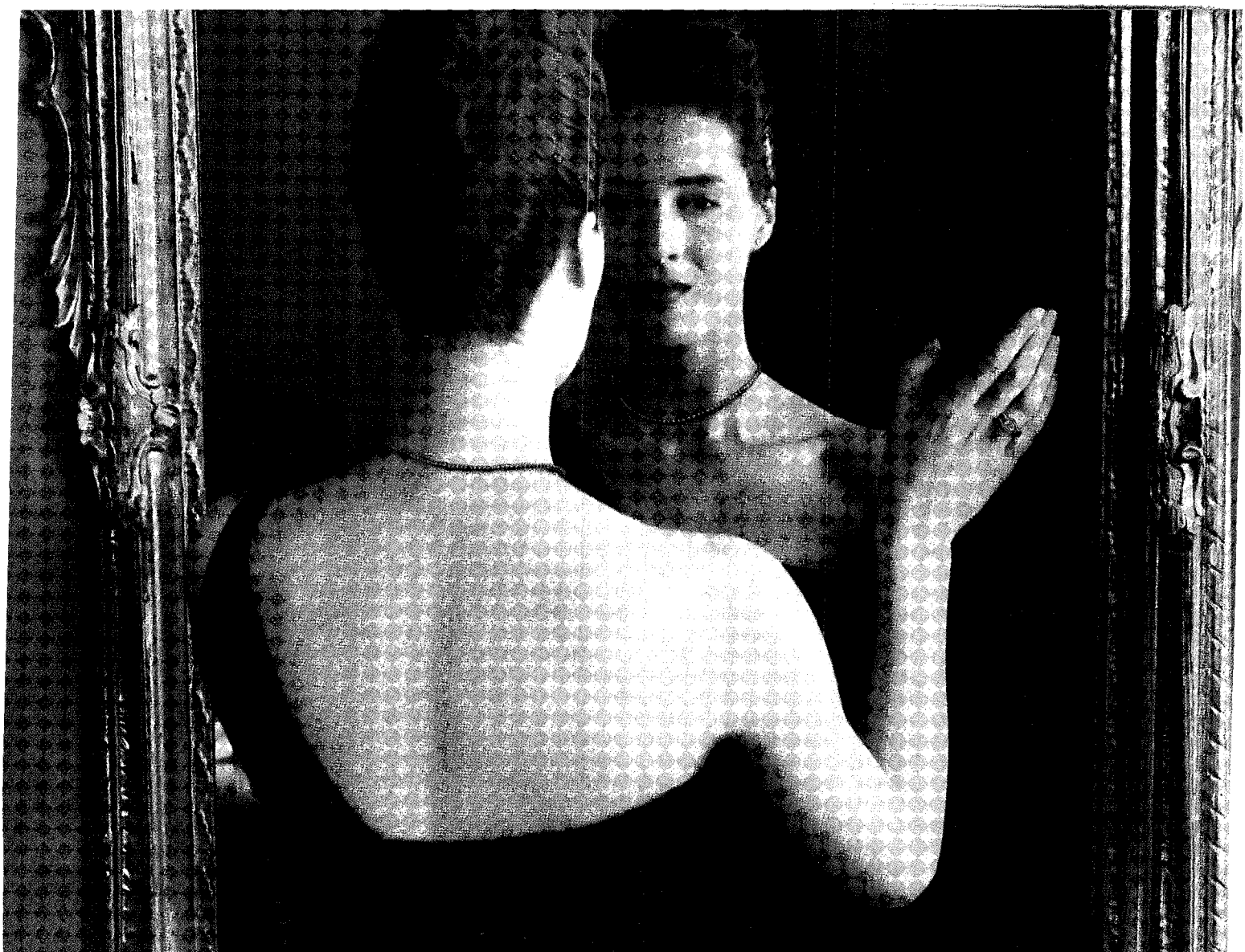

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